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CHRONICLE.

New Year's
Honours.

MORE than one of the honours distributed as usual for the New Year is beyond cavil. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's peerage is better deserved than any military honour of the kind since, at least, Lord STRATHNAIRN's; and science may justly rejoice in that of Sir WILLIAM THOMSON. Another distinction—a baronetcy—falls to the Indian army in the person of Colonel DURAND, recently wounded beyond Gilgit. Knighthood not ill befits Principal GEDDES, a very learned Hellenist, with whom other Hellenists (as is fitting) sometimes differ. Promotion in the Order of St. Michael and St. George is only the due of Sir CECIL SMITH, one of the most judicious and successful of Colonial Governors.

We have a longer period than usual to cover in this week's Chronicle, owing to the incidence of Christmas. But for the same reason there is less matter, if more time, to deal with. On Christmas Eve a few interesting pieces of foreign news were published. Mr. MERCIER, in Canada, had said that people called him an enemy of Britain; but he had the highest opinion of British constitutional precedents—when they made in his own favour. A Portuguese expedition in Mozambique appeared to have blown itself bodily up with its own gunpowder. The results of the *Baltimore* inquiry, in Chili, seemed to show that, as was suspected all along, it was simply a row brought about by drunken liberty-men from the American ship, and that Uncle SAM had not been insulted in any way. M. FLOQUET had pronounced a not ignoble eulogy on the late Bishop of Angers.—The agitation against the tobacco monopoly in Persia has been successful, and the SHAH has withdrawn it.—News arrived at the beginning of this week of successful operations carried on by Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON against the slave-raiders in Nyassaland, and on Tuesday morning of a further and very successful encounter with the tribes beyond Gilgit, in which the Cashmere section of the new Imperial Defence Force showed excellent conduct.—Sir C. SCOTT MONCREIFF, to the satisfaction of everybody except Frenchmen, has returned to the control of the Egyptian Works Department, and M. RIBOT, to the amusement of everybody except Frenchmen, has explained the nobility of the conduct of France in the CHADOURNE matter.—Two Englishmen have been arrested and convicted in France as spies, and the French are very welcome to do what they like to them if they are.—The recent deaths among the occupants of the greater Embassies have caused a considerable circulation in the diplomatic service. Sir ROBERT MORIER, a Minister of great experience and efficiency, goes to Rome, *vice* Lord DUFFERIN, appointed to Paris in Lord LYTON's room, and Lord VIVIAN, whose experience is also considerable, and who in the course of it has given no reason to doubt his efficiency, follows him to St. Petersburg from Brussels. The all-important Constantinople appointment is of course not yet announced. The absurd "shave" about offering St. Petersburg to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL appears to have been taken seriously abroad, and has procured for that noble lord a compliment from the *Figaro* to his "courteous, polite, and dispassionate" nature.—The new Spanish loan seems, as was expected, to have been very coldly received.—There have been some troubles in the Straits Settlements owing to the action of what some newspapers (blissfully ignorant that the phrase in Malay only means "head man") call a certain wicked "Orang Kayah."—Mr. GLADSTONE was born, this time at Biarritz, for the eighty-third time on Tuesday. We rejoice to learn that the Club has changed its mind, and will admit him to that privilege of reading the newspapers on all sides which he values so much.—Still further news

from Gilgit would seem to show that, just before Christmas, the resistance of Hunza—which is the further of the two revolted clans—broke down, as that of Nagar had done before, and that the descendants of ALEXANDER have come to terms. Unless the season is unusually open, it may be impossible to push quite up to the Hindu Koosh just yet, but the first opportunity should be taken of securing the passes into Wakhan and the approach to them once for all. Meanwhile the body of foolish bletherers which calls itself the Indian National Congress has been protesting against the "waste on frontier defence." The Baboo would find quite other guess "waste" of this sort if he were transferred from EMPRESS to CZAR.—It seems, from Father OHRWALDER's news, that EMIN may have already obtained some hold on his former province, in which case, in our humble opinion, Great Britain will look rather foolish.—Rumours, perhaps not authoritative, have been published about approaching Pamir Conferences between England, Russia, China, and Afghanistan.

A conversation overheard last week cannot, of course, refer to the Waterford election:—

"A. 'What has happened?' B. 'Oh, two "blackguards have been fighting, and the worst black-guard has been licked into fits." Barring, however, the impropriety of the language, the description has some resemblance to the facts. Very seldom has any one received a sounder beating than MICHAEL DAVITT, ex-convict and "pen"-man, received at Waterford. He was out-and-out the strongest anti-Parnellite candidate possible (stronger even for that particular constituency, which likes its politics hot with violence, than Mr. O'BRIEN or JOHNDILLON himself), and his party were encouraged by a run of luck. Yet he was beaten by 1,775 to 1,229. In other words, Mr. REDMOND polled three votes to his two. Then DAVITT could not keep his temper, and talked about "Toryism [we are glad to hear that there are so many Tories in Waterford] and terrorism," JOHNDILLON bowed his comely head, and "looked the picture of misery," and the anti-Parnellites, protected by Saxon hussars, slunk out of the town. On Thursday there was an explosion, serious in respect of damage done, but fortunately not in results to life and limb, at Dublin Castle. It may have been Nationalists; it may have been discontented workmen; in either case, it was scoundrels.

The long letter which M. CHADOURNE, of Bulgarian fame, published in the *Times* of Wednesday week was immensely amusing, and the *Times* might have done worse than translate it for the benefit of those who have no French. By a delightful "frenzy of JOHN DENNIS" M. CHADOURNE construed the request for "alcohol and oil," which he heard one of his guards make, into an intimation that his own sacred person was going to be exposed to those torments dire with which it is an article of faith with Russians and Russophiles to believe M. STAMBOULOFF rules Bulgaria. 'A is a merry man is M. CHADOURNE.—The dulness of Christmas was relieved by a few letters on important subjects. Messrs. ELDER, of Liverpool, gave voice to a complaint which we have noted here more than once as well founded, the way in which the Colonial and Foreign Offices are allowing the French to steal march after march on us in West Africa, and Mr. BAUMANN grumbled rather characteristically about South. All we can say about this last is that, if Mr. BAUMANN put his money into the British South Africa Company, expecting immediate or rapid dividends, he deserves to be parted from that filthy lucre, and that his first business as a shareholder is to prevent that "absorption in the Cape Colony" which he thinks Mr. RHODES is trying to bring about. Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE, who seems to labour under the curious notion that the more

he keeps Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE before the public the higher will be the public opinion of that statesman, objected to the scheme for securing the Alexandra Palace, and Professor CASE contributed to the discussion of Mr. GLADSTONE's very natural and explicable dislike to the law of conspiracy. On Monday morning Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who seems to be in a polite vein, supplemented his description of the one-pound note scheme as "a quack measure" by describing the Irish Local Government scheme as "a bogus Bill." Sir JOHN ADYE pointed out how nice it is for the army, instead of being bothered with married quarters, to be able to marry and leave its wives "to the sympathy of their neighbours." The redoubtable B. F. H., sworn letter-writer to the British South Africa Company, came down like a thousand of bricks on Mr. BAUMANN, and Mr. ST. JOHN CORBET protested not vainly against certain recent abuses of cross-examination. But the judges have this last matter entirely in their own hands, and if they are not strong enough either in will or brains to resist the overbearing of popular advocates or the prurient curiosity of the public generally, there is no possible help elsewhere. Mr. GLADSTONE has further announced that he "waits to hear and learn" on the Eight Hours Question. On the face of it, what nobler sentiment? Translate it "to find which way the votes are likely to go," and even Mr. Justice DENMAN might not be quite sure of the nobility. The last day of the year saw a very geyser of correspondence spouting in the *Times*, much of it being devoted to the very unprofitable subject of the Bible and modern criticism, wherein the Bible may well say "Save me from my friends," and Criticism "Pray don't give my name to bastard stuff miscalled biblical." Mr. BAUMANN having made a weak and rather personal reply to "B. F. H.," that experienced controversialist had more bricks ready in a minute, and tipped them *secundum artem* on his foe's prostrate form. The Alexandra Palace, the New Forest (which is one of the most delightful of places, and periodically occasions the most undelightful of writing), cross-examination, the Longford Holbein (about which we really have heard enough, and might be left in peace to see it), the everlasting Services, and a few other things all shared in the shower. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT deplored the evil passions of Tory bigotry on Friday morning; nor is this a case wholly of pot and kettle—for, if Sir WILLIAM has sometimes been accused of Toryism, nobody ever thought him a bigot.

The London County Council. With the approach of Christmas, cool reflection came to the London County Council. In regard to its finance it is true that a certain Mr. CAMPBELL informed the world that Lord LINGEN knows nothing about finance, that Sir THOMAS FARRER knows nothing about finance, and so forth. But Mr. CHARLES HARRISON had retired "to his country," his substitute Mr. BENN made but a weak fight, and the Council returned to the ways of orthodoxy. Thus, to alter very slightly a touching poem of WHYTE-MELVILLE'S,

The amendment's dead,
The annuity's sped,
And the Harrison's hustled away.

It is fair to say that, on the Feast of Saint SYLVESTER, Mr. CAMPBELL, in an immensely long letter to the *Times*, vindicated himself from the charge of being a Progressist or a Harrisonite. He is only a Campbellian and an infallible financier. The others are not.

Everybody will have been sorry to hear of the Miscellaneous accident to Prince CHRISTIAN while out shooting, or rather while accompanying shooters, at Osborne. It would seem to have been very uncertain who fired the unlucky shot, and tolerably certain that, whosoever it may have been has not to reproach himself with carelessness or bad aim, since the shot must have glanced. But this is cold comfort for having even indirectly caused the loss of an eye, and colder for having lost one. The tale of fog and frost was everywhere in the middle and end of last week. Just before Christmas a Wesleyan minister (whom, however, the Connexion repudiates) in Surrey was fined for the singular and senseless cruelty of driving an unhappy pony with a "dumb jockey" bit. Tremendous as were the fogs of last week, no serious railway accident was reported till Thursday, when a collision occurred on the Great Eastern, near Lowestoft. Not much is known of the new Bishop of Sodor and Man, Archdeacon STRATON, but this ancient little See requires peculiar qualities, and no doubt these have been considered. One of the usual theatre panic accidents, equally idiotic and lamentable, occurred at Gateshead on Boxing Day, the

victims being chiefly children. On Wednesday it was announced that Miss DAISY HOPKINS, the newest JOAN of ARC of the Purity gang and the extreme Radicals, was not satisfied with her *habeas corpus*, or with the fare and accommodations of the Spinning House, and wants a thousand pounds from the unlucky Pro-Proctor who arrested her. If this goes on, we shall soon see the Millennium, once upon a time (alas! how long ago that time is, and *quantum mutatus* the singer!) beautifully put in the words, "When 'none need shout 'You fool, look out! here comes the 'Senior Proctor!'" For even Senior Proctors will certainly be shy when a thousand pounds, not of copper but, of golden oof safeguard Miss DAISY's head. Nay, the wrongs of DAISY have been taken up by a town's meeting, at which Dr. COOPER protested against the cooping up of this *douce Marguerite*, and Alderman BALLS shot *à la rescousse*, and Councillor CAMPKIN *se campait fièrement*, in the defence of this other HELEN (no imputations of any kind) who scorneth the unskinned potato. And it was all delightfully romantic—and burlesque. We are sorry to see that the Wesleyans, the most respectable and law-abiding of Nonconformist bodies, are said to be emulating the Salvationist rowdies in misconduct at Eastbourne.

M. ALBERT WOLFF, though not a Frenchman by birth or even by early naturalization, had acquired the repute of being a typical French journalist. He was, indeed, almost a journalist pure and simple, and chiefly wrote in the *Figaro*, of which he was a pillar. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS had served the City of London in a judicial capacity, first as Common Serjeant and then as Recorder, for more than thirty years. Although not a man of very great intellectual capacity, or a lawyer of the first rank, he was very painstaking and conscientious. M. H. DE LA POMMERAYE was well placed in the second rank of French dramatic critics. Archdeacon NORRIS, whose death followed with melancholy swiftness his acceptance of the Deanery of Chichester, was widely known as an excellent Churchman and a sound divine, as well as an active worker at Bristol. The obituary of Tuesday morning was rather heavy. Sir WILLIAM WHITE had filled with remarkable dexterity what is in more respects than one the most important and difficult of the Embassies. Mr. ALFRED CELLIER was a most agreeable composer of the lighter order, and had perhaps done more than any other man, except Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, to revive English comic opera. Mr. LYNCH had had much to do with knitting closer, by means of commerce and also diplomatically, the all-important relations between England and Persia. Mr. WEIST HILL was a musician and conductor of merit, and a successful musical teacher. Mr. W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS was a very industrious worker in literature, who, perhaps, had not always leisure enough to perfect the tasks which he assigned to himself, and was understood latterly to have worked gallantly against severe illness. Prince VICTOR OF HOHENLOHE, the QUEEN's nephew, better known to the public as Count GLEICHEN, was a sailor and a sculptor of merit. Bishop CROWTHER was the first black bishop of the Anglican Church, and an excellent person.

The usual Christmas check to the book-trade has scarcely been removed as we write; but on Wednesday last Mr. COMYNS CARR's play, *Forgiveness*, was produced with success.

WATERFORD AND ROSSENDALE.

IT is somewhat difficult to give hearty support to a candidate who is avowedly in favour of local option, and is suspected of favouring Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland. As some Scotchmen have thought fit to pronounce against the English Establishment, there is, perhaps, no especial reason to complain when Sir THOMAS BROOKS looks north of the Border for a Church to upset. Still, it would be wiser, or at least more comely, in him, to wait till Scotchmen have made their own minds up on the subject, which is not yet the case. But we are concerned with Sir THOMAS BROOKS as he is a Unionist, and not as he is a Liberal. The contest in Rosendale is to turn on Home Rule, though the action of "dissentient groups in making themselves disagreeable, and inspiring fear of possible desertion," to quote Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to the Separatist candidate at Stockdale, will have its weight, no doubt. Mr. GLADSTONE is an authority on the proper course to take

with dissentient groups which threaten to make themselves disagreeable. Unionists not in love with fads who have to choose between supporting Sir THOMAS BROOKS and local option, and weakening their own cause by abstention, will have no difficulty in deciding how to give their vote. In Mr. MADEN they would get a member who is strong for all the fads and disestablishments, and is besides in favour of "granting to Ireland a statutory Parliament, with ample legislative and administrative powers, and subordinate to the Imperial Parliament." We can imagine much less amusing experiences than half-an-hour spent in heckling Mr. MADEN on this remarkable confession of faith. It would be interesting to hear his idea of the "ample legislative and administrative powers" which would satisfy either Irish party, and still secure subordination to the Imperial Parliament. Sir THOMAS BROOKS is for granting local government to Ireland "as far as circumstances will allow," and his definitions also might be worth hearing. But Sir THOMAS BROOKS is not prepared for a thinly disguised surrender to the party of disruption, and is therefore entitled to the entire support of the Unionists.

The Waterford election of last week was full of instruction to both candidates. Circumstances in that contest would certainly have allowed of the sound cudgelling of not a few Irish patriots, if local government had not been replaced by the Constabulary of a tyrannical caste and by an alien soldiery. The tap with a blackthorn which convinced Mr. DAVITT that he must instantly oust his friend Mr. KEANE set the tone of the election. The Constabulary and the alien soldiery prevented the fulfilment of the good intentions of the Waterford mob towards the anti-Parnellite candidate and his friends Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN. But the loss was made good in indifferent well by strong language. The tyrannical interference which prevented the interpretation of intentions into acts had its share in making some of the more comic incidents of the election possible. If, for instance, there had not been a condition of comparative tranquillity, there would not have been leisure for those successive interviews of the deputation which carried Mr. HEALY's cartoon with Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON. These chiefs of a people which has to be restrained from cudgelling them by troops of Constabulary and Hussars were rendered incoherent with fury by the mention of that horsewhipped patriot as their "leader." Then, again, if there had been no police in the room, Mr. DAVITT might have been satisfied with wishing all present a merry Christmas, and would have preferred his safety to the pleasure of uttering his epigram about the "Terrorism and Toryism" which had obtained the Parnellite victory. The speeches of the election ought to be extensively quoted in Rossendale in the coming weeks. Lancashire should be interested in hearing that, in Mr. O'BRIEN's opinion, the Irish Parliament must be absolutely independent in order to be able to foster and protect its industries. Unionist hecklers should find this speech useful while they are endeavouring to extort from Mr. MADEN his views as to the subordination of the Irish Parliament which is to be. If they cannot conveniently lay their hands on it, any of the speeches on either side will supply them with declarations of the intention of Irishmen to extort "legislative and administrative powers" which are satisfactory to themselves. The result of the election is nearly as welcome to the Unionist as the character of the oratory. Mr. REDMOND's majority of 546, which falls very little short of his estimated 600, proves at least that the Parnellite remnant will not be wholly exterminated in Ireland. The split in the Irish party promises to be permanent, and while it endures Irishmen will both have one of their cherished family quarrels to occupy them, and will be stimulated by rivalry into making demands which the Mr. MADENS of the Gladstonian party will find it continually more difficult to reconcile with the subordination of a Home Rule Parliament.

If it was the gas which exploded in Dublin Castle on Thursday, that very untrustworthy servant chose his time to break out, and his place, with a singular regard for the interests of the Dynamite party. The time was very close on the meeting of the Privy Council. The place was very near the spot on which that body was to meet. It was perhaps not the most convenient possible for the purpose of blowing the Privy Council over to England, but it was the best attainable. An accessible vacant spot in which to deposit gunpowder, gun-cotton, or dynamite, is not always available in a well-watched Government office. In this case such a ready-made mine had been for some time open in the

shape of a cellar just under the offices of the Financial Department. But not only did the gas show a remarkable discretion in the choice of time and place, it refrained in the most wily way from damaging its own fittings, which is not its usual custom when it explodes. Nor is it the habit of gas to make explosions in places open to the outer air, unless it is provoked by some form of irritation. On the whole, it does not appear probable that the wrecking of Mr. CULLINAN's office was due to this common cause of domestic damage. It can be more satisfactorily accounted for by some other agent—such, for instance, as he who lately caused an explosion at the office of the *National Press* and the Dublin post-office. The supposition even that it was the same person appears unnecessarily rash. Ireland has not been so poor in this form of outrage, nor has the use of explosives been so closely confined to one district, that the country need be credited with the possession of only a single dynamiter. The use of "squibs" has been common, as the Separatist orators have explained. It has even become more common since the days when it was confined to the playing of patriot jokes on the Constabulary or on landlords. As the broken windows of the *National Press* can testify, it has been found that what was good for the agents of an alien dominion can be made available against a rival patriot. In short, if something exploded in that cellar of the Castle, it was because somebody put an explosive there. Who he was is a question on which, in our opinion, it is as needless as it is certainly premature to speculate. From the fact that Mr. CULLINAN left his room just before the damage was done, patriot sagacity will no doubt be materially assisted in arriving at the, in any case obvious, conclusion that the dogs at the Castle went mad to gain their private ends, and blew their office up. It is an unnecessary and almost superfluous compliment to attribute the outrage to any section of the physical-force people in the United States. The supposition will flatter them; and, as this common incident of Irish controversy can be accounted for in so many other ways, we need not do them that service. As things go in Ireland, there is no call to go beyond the Atlantic in search of Irishmen capable of depositing gun-cotton in a convenient place. It has come to this, that everybody who is conscious of zeal wants to do his own little explosion. There is nothing in the morals inculcated by the example of native teachers, and tolerated (to use polite language) by the English allies of those teachers, to make the average Irishman reluctant to commit an outrage. Much the contrary. On the whole, the explosion may be safely enough taken to be only an ordinary incident of Irish agitation, inspired by opportunity and the possession of an explosive. The theory that it was done merely to make work is quite as acceptable as another. If the farmer may murder to reduce his rent, the plumber or bricklayer may murder to make a job. It is only the Irish version of a practice universally attributed to the trades. Inquiry will perhaps show whether undue opportunity was afforded for the exercise of the national method. The Castle ought to be effectually watched, but when workmen are coming in and out the task of watching is not easy. The incident, to whomsoever and to whatsoever it is due, is equally typical of the condition of the country which some would trust with the task of working a subordinate Parliament.

THE HUNZA EXPEDITION.

IT would appear that, despite the lateness of the season and the smallness of the force employed, the Hunza expedition had done its work before Christmas very gallantly and successfully. A fortnight ago a hundred men under Captain MACKENZIE attacked a stone *lager* (to translate things) which was held by the Nagaris in much greater force, turned them out of it, and inflicted great loss, suffering little. The ball was briskly kept rolling, and a few days later the Hunza chief seems to have thought that it was best to submit. Full official details of these proceedings have not yet been received, but it would appear certain that Colonel DURAND's expedition has done its work—for the time being, at any rate—pretty thoroughly. Some wonder has been expressed as to how breechloaders found their way into Kunjut; but commerce is great, and the CZAR is great too. Our experience of hill-tribes is far too extensive to allow us to suppose that even a series of sharp

lessons like these will keep the fringe of Cashmere quiet. Still, there are reasons for hoping that this was no mere perfunctory business, but a definite preliminary to the securing of British rule, or at least British influence, as far in this direction as seems necessary. The road and the telegraph were the things that the Hunza-Nagaris objected to; and the road and the telegraph must be pushed as far as may be or need be.

It is particularly satisfactory to note that great part in these conflicts has throughout been borne, and that the decisive storming of the Nagari walls was wholly performed, by the Cashmere contingent of the new Imperial Defence Force, of course under English officers. The formation of this force, which has taken the pick of the numerous, but as a whole far from valuable, armies of the vassal and semi-independent States, and regimented it into a considerable addition to our own forces, is not the least of the numerous good deeds which will render the Commandership-in-Chief of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS memorable in the military history of the British Raj. We would not in saying this be construed as reflecting in the slightest degree on Sir FREDERICK's predecessors. Some of them had to contend with sleepy times of apparent peace, some with those still worse times when the authorities at home simply poohpoohed the idea of there ever being anything but peace, some with stress of actual war, some with the expense which recent war leaves behind it. It was Sir FREDERICK's luck that, having had the most intimate acquaintance with what the stress of war actually meant, he not so very long afterwards succeeded to the duty of preparing for its recurrence, and was helped by a state of things which shamed even the Home authorities out of their ostrich attitude. But many men might have had these advantages and not have used them as he has done. If he did not wholly originate, he has elaborated, and to a great extent carried out, the first complete system of frontier defence and, if necessary, counteraction that India has ever had. He has kept the commands under him in active working order, and as far as possible free from any chance of such unreadiness as the last Afghan war disclosed. He has brought into being the invaluable Imperial Defence Force just referred to. And in attending to these new things he has not neglected the old. No Commander-in-Chief had looked more narrowly to the interests, efficiency, and the comforts of both the native and English soldier of the regular Indian army. The extremely interesting reports on Musketry Instruction (the last of which, produced under the care of General GALBRAITH and Colonel IAN HAMILTON, has just reached England, and will, we hope, shortly be noticed here further) show a systematic training which, without reflecting on Home authorities, is, we think, a little more practical and a good deal more advanced than anything known here. And the result of the whole has been seen in more than one recent expedition in the North-West, with this Hunza business for the last of them—things not, perhaps, great in themselves, but done solidly, and in that craftsmanlike manner which shows that the exploit, great or small, is due, not merely to individual pluck and brains, good as both these are, but to intelligent knowledge beforehand of the work to be done and the way to do it. We can never dispense with the individual pluck and brains, nor can we, as woful recent experience has shown, guard against a sudden failing in them. But what a ruinous waste both of them and of other things takes place if the craftsman's trained intelligence is wanting all history proves. And it is due to Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, and to those who have seconded him, to say that probably at no time in Indian history during what may be called peace was this craftsmanlike intelligence better diffused, or better in train of being diffused still more widely, than now. Nor could the peerage which is announced as bestowed upon the Chief, and the baronetcy which has been conferred upon Colonel DURAND, have come at a better time to mark recognition of the fact.

MR. HIGGINSON'S IDEAS.

MR. HIGGINSON is the author of the latest work in America criticism which has been wafted to our shores. The name of his volume is *The New Land and the New Book* (Boston: LEE & SHEPHERD). The new book, perhaps, is yet to be written; for, with the best will in the world, we cannot look on the collected tomes of Mr. HOWELLS as one book. Mr. HIGGINSON's ideas are not

wholly conspicuous for originality. He believes in "the common" as a theme for the artistic imagination, and perhaps does not sufficiently distinguish the common from the commonplace. To write about the common is not, as this gentleman and his allies appear to think, a new enterprise of American genius, nor of any national genius. Mr. HOWELLS is not the COLUMBUS of this "Undiscovered Country," nor was BALZAC, nor RICHARDSON, nor FURETIÈRE, nor FLAUBERT, nor any one else. All the literature which has been born to live, all good literature from HOMER to HOWELLS, exists merely by virtue of its successful dealing with the common. Those emotions which we all share with HECTOR and HELEN, with ANTIGONE, and JOSEPH and his brethren, and the slaves of PLAUTUS and TERENCE, are the really common, the truly human. Were it not so, ancient literature would charm nobody; its charm lies in its power to make us all akin and prove our kindred. The special, the local, the eccentric is the stuff of no good literature; it is as evanescent as the fun of the New Humour. These remarks are great palpable truisms, yet Mr. HIGGINSON and writers like Mr. HIGGINSON talk as if America were the cradle of the genius for the common, as if Mr. HOWELLS, in this regard, had plied the profession of the mother of SOCRATES, and brought the democratic infant of literature into the world. The cause of this illusion is that Mr. HOWELLS, like many persons before and many who are to follow, writes about the emotions of sewing-women and schoolgirls. The emotions of a school girl, or of a girl who ought to have been at school, were not inadequately analysed by SHAKESPEARE in the notorious case of JULIET. "Common people," in the peculiarly vulgar sense of the word, are the themes of BURNS, of GALT, of other writers born before America had given us greater ones. It is a Republican prejudice to think that literature is either better or worse in proportion as it is occupied with this or that social class. Nobody described the life of indigent fishermen better than THEOCRITUS, who assuredly discovered the common (in that sense) some years before Mr. HOWELLS. So did as many authors as any one chooses to enumerate. The excellence of literary workmanship is the only thing needful; all classes, all modes of life, are subjects equally good, if the work is good. To think the opposite is merely to be a snob with a difference. According to a *not cruel* of Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, England is a country which "accepts dukes." Americans are a people who greatly rejoice to accept the invitations of dukes. But all this is not to the purpose. It is mere international banter. SHAKESPEARE's dukes, we make bold to say, are as common, as much in touch with universal human nature, as any schoolgirl born of Mr. HOWELLS's fancy. Given genius, a pope, an emperor, even a baronet, may be made as eternally interesting as a Dissenting minister in reduced circumstances, or a journalist out of a job. It is the workman, not the material, that contributes what is essential, and LOUIS XI. or JAMES VI. are as full of vitality as Uncle TOM or any other hero of Transatlantic fiction.

These remarks are not likely to convert and edify Mr. HIGGINSON, for whose critical salvation we are anxious. For Mr. HIGGINSON at least appreciates the classics of the world, and admits that the modern American geniuses have not that background of knowledge which, for example, Mr. LOWELL possessed. Not to know literature may be democratic, but it is rather a drawback to the wit of a literary man. Mr. HIGGINSON acknowledges this, so we wish him well, and also wish him rid of that childish self-consciousness which keeps him always thinking of an American superior person when he meets or reads about any European of eminence. Something in English literature may be good or may be bad, but there is no sense in immediately starting an American rival. Critics should not encourage this provincial bias; the European nations never think of each other in this manner. We can hear of GOETHE without crowing about SHAKESPEARE.

THE OSTRITCH AND THE PARROT.

THIS is not a fable, but the record of a few reflections prompted by the exercises in English composition of two deserving school-children. Here is one of them:—

The ostrich is a large and beautiful bird. People ride on them when they are going a long way and once I saw a picture of a boy on a ostriches back they have very large wings. The Prince of Wales has got a ostriches feathers in his hat. The ostrich is a large bird and the humming bird is as well but the ostrich is the largest of them. The ostrich is found in

Manchester and they live on sand and make their nests on it and lay their eggs on it.

It is clear that the author of this essay is a person not only of much information, but also of a philosophical mind. Take, for instance, what he says about size. Ostriches, he tells us, have large wings. A hasty person would have said that its wings were small, because, comparatively with most other birds, the ostrich has wings that are small in proportion to its size. Our philosopher remembers that all statements of large and small are relative, and that the question whether an ostrich's wings are large or small depends upon what you think about them in relation to. No doubt if you think of their proportion to the ostrich and the proportion of a sea-gull or an eagle to its wings, they are small. But if you adopt the simpler plan of comparing them with the wings of other birds, they are large. The wing of an ostrich is much larger than the wing of a hen. "The ostrich is a large bird, and the humming bird is as well." How true this is, if you compare them both with some infinitely smaller, and doubtless invisible, bird which may very possibly exist in this world or some other! The true inwardness of size, which has puzzled metaphysicians, is not hidden from this suckling. The reference to Manchester shows that the essayist has grasped the fact that everything is found in that enterprising city. And what is more useful to be borne in mind about ostriches than the fact that they "live on sand"? A creature that will eat sand will eat anything, and, therefore, to mention this single article of the ostrich's diet is to mark the writer's knowledge of the omnivoracity which is one of the most pleasing traits in its character.

It is difficult to abandon so agreeable and so scantily discussed a theme; but room must be found for the other essay, which is entitled:—

ESSAY ON THE PARROT.

A parrot is a bird that reads a thing through and never thinks about it, and it is a very nice bird, and some of us do as well as parrots. I think we all ought to learn because that is what we are sent to school for. And when we read a thing we should not half read it over, like a parrot, when a parrot reads it over they don't think of what they are reading. But we should think about a word before we read another, and not do like a parrot does at all. There is a great many who act like a parrot in some schools round this country.

It will be observed that the ethical tendency of this author, and his stern concentration upon a single topic, are in striking contrast with the metaphysical suggestiveness and encyclopædic style of him who wrote about ostriches. The parrot is to his essayist a bold abstraction—an absorbing figure of simple grandeur—that which reads without thinking. "It is a very nice bird," because so simple a conception is pleasing to minds of this class; but such details as its brilliant colouring and improving conversation are left out altogether. The author, if a painter, would probably be an Impressionist, and no niggling care for petty details would distract the eye from the grand lines and strong lights whereby his effects would be produced. Notice, too, how he rubs in the supreme importance of the abstract parrot to the present generation of men. "Some of us" read things through and never think about them "as well as parrots." Indeed we do! And there are truly "a great many who act" in this essential particular "like a parrot" in and out of schools "round this country." Were it otherwise, how different our newspapers and our literature would be! In application to politics, science, literature, art, and all other branches of intellectual activity, you get to the root of the matter by this one reflection, that the innumerable persons, of whom the parrot is the type, read things through, and never think about them. For most of us are always reading, and few of us are ever thinking, and, therefore, the greater number of us are continually behaving like parrots.

It is worth while and pleasant to recognize the loyalty of these authors, taken in combination, which appears by their acknowledgment, express in one case, and tacit in the other, of the fact that it is ostrich's and not parrot's feathers that the PRINCE OF WALES has got in his hat.

BULGARIAN HORRORS—NEW STYLE.

IF solemnity of attitude and language can give real gravity to the diplomatic three-cornered duel which has arisen out of the sorrows of M. CHADOURNE, it will be a serious business indeed. That martyr to the freedom of the Press has himself written on his wrongs in a style calculated to curdle the blood of Europe. He has told how,

when his ferocious captor brought him in bonds to Slivnitza, he—M. RADOUGH by name—"demanda une chambre. Comme il n'y en avait pas de libre, il demanda qu'on le conduisit à la cave. Pourquoi?" asked M. CHADOURNE in a hollow voice. We should guess it was because M. RADOUGH thought even a cellar preferable to the open street on a winter's night. M. CHADOURNE knew better. He was not ignorant that M. RADOUGH is torturer, ordinary and extraordinary, to the tyrant STAMBOULOFF. For his vile work what place more appropriate than a cellar? Doubt became certainty when M. CHADOURNE heard the ferocious executor of STAMBOULOFF's wicked will ask for "de l'alcool et puis de l'huile. Ce n'était pas pour faire de la salade, je pense, à deux heures du matin." Clearly not. It was to barbecue his whole French journalist to his palate. M. CHADOURNE, with the modesty and moderation which ever distinguish the French journalist, attributes his escape from this so horrible fate to the intervention of M. MARINOFF, who played the part of the good robber in this story of the babe in Bulgaria. But we think the *féroce vengeance* which M. RADOUGH meditated was foregone for a reason more honourable to M. CHADOURNE. The Bulgarian shrank from the calm eye and lofty bearing of his prisoner. It is a subject for an historical picture. A patriotic French painter should paint it on a canvas of five metres by three in vivid colours, showing M. CHADOURNE with his fingers, *quasiment gelés* as they were, in his pockets, cowering M. RADOUGH with his piercing eyes, while La France hovered in the air with next to nodings on, holding a laurel wreath over the noble head of the faithful servant of the Agence Havas and of *La Patrie*. Then the State might buy it, and present it to Tarascon.

The solemnity of M. CHADOURNE has been fully equalled by the gravity of M. RIBOT. The MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS was called upon by M. MILLEVOYE to explain what is to be done, to name the offender who is to be whopped for this outrage. M. RIBOT had to explain that practically nothing could be done, and nobody whopped just yet, but the substantial meagreness of his announcement only heightens the merit of its form. There was a wealth of dignity about M. RIBOT, a fluency of exposition, an abundance of the formulas proper to a solemn occasion, which were eminently calculated to produce illusion. He quoted M. SALEM, Advocate at Salonica; he proved by the Capitulations exceedingly well that the rights of the civilized world had been outraged. He showed by historic examples that Bulgaria was addicted to these errors. In 1887 she was just as ill-behaved, and then "one of my predecessors, M. FLOURENS, was forced to give unlimited leave of absence to our Consul-General M. FLESCHE." Now unlimited leave of absence will be given to M. FLESCHE's *locum tenens*, M. LANEL. Representations will also be made to the Porte, and then—. But M. RIBOT did not go any further. What is to be done if Bulgaria endures the absence of M. LANEL as calmly as she put up with the want of M. FLESCHE, if the Porte says that it does not see its way to doing anything in particular, if M. STAMBOULOFF is not terrified by diplomatic whippings inflicted on ABDUL HAMID? We imagine for our part that nothing will happen. If this tame conclusion to a solemn harangue is thought to be something of a bathos, let the blame be laid, not on M. RIBOT, but on the nature of the case. He is not in any easy position. M. RIBOT does not deny that Bulgaria and Turkey have a right to defend themselves "against any intrigues and disorders by French citizens." He added, with beautiful unconscious humour, "If there are grievances, let them be stated to us, and it will be our right and duty to put a stop to any cause of trouble." It would be unbecoming to add that Bulgaria has stated her grievances, and that France has steadily refused to take any notice of them, and still less decent to give the reason, which is the determination to toady Russia. This is the simple fact, and it has brought on France an undeniable snub from M. STAMBOULOFF, who is not a man to be scared by vain shows. Measures of coercion against Bulgaria directly or indirectly through the SULTAN might have disagreeable consequences, and it is not at all certain that they would be agreeable just now to what M. MILLEVOYE deliciously called "the beneficent hand" which has emancipated Bulgaria. In these circumstances there is nothing for it but to maintain a dignified attitude of rebuke and do nothing, which is inevitably something of a bathos. Happily for M. RIBOT, a dignified attitude goes a long way with French-

men, and the Chamber showed itself quite satisfied last Monday. With that curious French candour of which one does not always know whether it is not stupidity, M. MILLEVOYE gave the measure of the whole disturbance in the sentence from which we have quoted some words. The Count of DAUVILLE-MAILLEFEU, who is one of those very rare and rather mad Frenchmen who can see that there may be more sides to a question than the French one, actually committed himself to the assertion that the Bulgarians might without crime strive for their independence. Then M. MILLEVOYE "protested against" it being said that Bulgaria had legitimate aspirations in "trying to free herself from the beneficent hand to which she owed her emancipation. The subject then dropped." It was time. We wonder if the deputies reflected on the queer figure cut by a Republican France which is endeavouring to force an "emancipated" people into the power of Russian despotism.

THE EMBASSY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE death of Sir WILLIAM WHITE removes from the list of prominent English diplomatists a man whose eminence was wholly and solely derived from his service under the Foreign Office. He had begun rather late in life in what may be called, on the analogy of another pursuit, the "lower branch of the profession"—the Consular Service; and he was one of the very few who have worked their way to the topmost twig of the higher branch. Moreover, there was another strain of thoroughness in his official life besides this. His service was, we believe, wholly—it was certainly for much the greater part—in the East, and with that group of Powers which throughout his life has been, and is still, contending for the sovereignty, or division, of Eastern Europe. He began as a consular clerk in Warsaw; he ended as Ambassador at Constantinople. It happened also, most fortunately, that his experience immediately previous to his appointment to this all-important post had been in more than one, if not in every one, of those rather problematical principalities and kinglets into which, in the last half-century, that part of the Turkish Empire which borders Russia nearest has been broken up. We entertain, and have often stated and supported, the gravest doubts about this policy of vassal (gradually ceasing to be vassal) States of small individual stability. But whether it was a wise policy or an unwise, it had been in force so long and was so largely practised and extended just before Sir WILLIAM WHITE's succession at Constantinople, that it was almost imperative that a Minister who had to deal with it should be well acquainted with its working. No one could be better acquainted with that working than Sir WILLIAM WHITE. He was, therefore, thoroughly in a position both to advise the Porte (for that is the usual, though curious, duty of a Foreign Ambassador towards the Sublime entity to which he is accredited) and to bring the influence of England to bear in the sense of making these States as far as possible a real rampart to the SULTAN's dominions, and not a lodging place for the SULTAN's enemies. He was, partly for this reason, regarded by the anti-Jingo party in England as a partisan of theirs when he was appointed, but they got small gain of him in the long run. He never, indeed, omitted to do what he could for the "subject populations" of Turkey. But he never played into the hands of England's enemies by an irrational espousal of what fanatics would have to be their cause; and he was regarded by those enemies with respect, indeed, but with the respect born of fear. The expressions of Continental Anglophobes in reference to his death are sufficient evidence of this.

It is hardly necessary to say that his successor will have no easy task; but it is not known that he will have any immediate trial of his mettle. Gossip about possible appointments is the very idlest way of filling the columns of a newspaper, and we do not care to indulge in it. The qualifications required in this cast are that the ambassador shall be well acquainted with the East; that he shall be a sound patriot, though not of course a Chauvinist; that he shall neither be worn down by Oriental procrastination nor irritated by Oriental whims and tricks; that he shall not be under the delusion that Western nostrums will cure Eastern ills; and, lastly, that he shall not be a man who is always taking holidays, and does not mind his business particularly, even when he is nominally at work. For the business of an

ambassador—which is not quite so purely ornamental, anywhere, as it pleases some good folk to think—is the very sternest of businesses at Constantinople, and sleepless vigilance, not merely as to the temper of the Porte, but as to the conduct of other ambassadors, is only the first part of it. It would be better, of course, to have an idle man of tact than a laborious one whose diplomatic fingers are thumbs; for the former might and the latter could not repair the blunders which both would be certain to make. But may HERMES (who in more than one of his aspects may be taken as the God of diplomatists) send neither to lie at Constantinople for England!

THE BRITISH ARMY—RICHLIY VALUED.

IF we may venture a suggestion on the subject, we would recommend that the series of letters by General Sir JOHN ADYE on that cruelly betongued institution the British army should be the last for the present. Reformers and apologists have talked enough to talk a dog's hind-leg off—with results which, as nearly as can be, are utterly barren of good effects. It has been shown that there has been an immense amount of exaggeration in the complaints of critics, which so far is well; but we are no wiser than we were before about the essentials of the dispute. Sir JOHN ADYE's share in the controversy presents an amusing contrast to all that went before. With the calm air of a man who is stating self-evident propositions, he describes the British army as being in an almost perfect condition. The capacity and zeal of the officers, the ages, size, strength, spirit, and morals of the men, seem to him most excellent. He finds matter for satisfaction in the most unexpected quarters. It is a smiling prospect to Sir JOHN ADYE that when the Reserves are called out their wives and children will be left in (not on) their parishes, "and will, no doubt, be objects of sympathy to their neighbours." It is a favourite argument of the pious Mahometan that, as the manumission of a slave is a meritorious act, slavery must be maintained in order to afford the just man an opportunity for the practice of virtue. Perhaps Sir JOHN ADYE thinks that the destitution, tempered by a very exiguous allowance, of the wives and children of the Reserve men will tend to develop the Christian virtue of charity by exercise. We agree with him that there will be no lack of occasion.

Sir JOHN ADYE's letters are not all of the calibre of this passage. There is much in them which is of another value. He is quite right in pointing out that the work habitually done by HER MAJESTY's troops is incomparably more varied and more difficult than any done by Continental armies. This of itself proves the force not to be in the wretched state described by the croakers. Again, it is manifestly true that, with half our army abroad and a Reserve to feed, we must be content to have a large proportion of young soldiers in the ranks at home. But the best parts of Sir JOHN ADYE's letters are those in which he shows that almost all the evils complained of in the army to-day existed, sometimes in a worse form, during the Peninsular and the Crimean wars. Short establishments, soldiers who were too young or too old, are defects which have always been with us. Sir JOHN ADYE's figures, which are, no doubt, as good as any others quoted of late, rather show that we are better off than we were. Critics are too apt to compare our volunteer army with some imaginary force in which all the men were old enough to be thoroughly trained men, but not too old for service. No such army ever existed, or could exist under a system of volunteering, except in peculiar circumstances and on a very small scale. Moreover, such a force could never stand prolonged wear and tear. The most perfect thing of the kind ever seen, which we take to have been the army of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, was half ruined by the victory at Lützen and was annihilated by the defeat at Nordlingen. Besides, it never was twenty thousand strong, though it was recruited over half Europe. Our own army in the Crimea had vanished within a week of the great storm, to be replaced by a force of boys in the second winter. Our marines, who are an admirable force, are, comparatively speaking, a handful, and they are only maintained by the particular attractions of the service. The wonder is that, in a time of general prosperity and no stimulating war, we get recruits enough to keep up an army of nearly a quarter of a million, which, after all, does the work it has got to do. As long as we trust to

the recruiting sergeant, we must take what we can get, and submit very often to go short. These are the drawbacks to a volunteer army. Its advantages are that it is much more likely to submit cheerfully to foreign service—a very vital consideration, indeed, for us—and much more likely to consist of men who have stomach for the fight, than a conscript army which is bound to include tens of thousands of men who were never meant by nature to be soldiers at all. We, like other people, must be content to take the fat with the lean. Conscription gives numbers, and volunteering gives quality—and as quality is more important to us than numbers, we may be content with our share. If we could be sure that the War Office would be more particular about the quality of the recruits it takes, we could listen with great tranquillity to the periodical lamentations over the unprepared state of the country. We have soldiers enough to do all the country ever did, as far as mere numbers go. At no time were we relatively so well supplied as we are in that respect. But, in spite of the cheerful optimism of Sir JOHN ADYE, and of the War Office, it may be doubted whether the quality of our recruits is all it might be. But all there is to say on that subject has been said. Better pay must be offered if better men are wanted.

RED AND BLUE SKATING.

FORWARD Choctaw—and back three—and forward! Forward inside Choctaw—and back inside three—and forward inside! Twice back—and forward off centre-Mohawk entire! It is quite possible, so various and so odd are the tastes and pursuits of civilized human creatures, that to some of our readers the foregoing inspiring cries may be full of mystery. On the other hand, the weather changes so quickly and so much that very likely by the time these lines are published a thousand ponds, lakes, canals, floods, rivers—perhaps even the streets and squares of the metropolis, if the climatic evolutions of Christmas Day should recur—will be resounding with such expressions, to the accompaniment of the ring of skates, the muffled thunder of fog-signals, and the crash of broken heads.

For these phrases have nothing to do with the evisceration of American Indians, but are terms of art, even of the graceful and salubrious art of Skating, more especially as it is practised by the Wimbledon Skating Club, and they are set out, with a great deal more, in a neat manual lately published (London: HORACE COX. 1892) by Mr. MONTAGU MONIER-WILLIAMS, Mr. W. R. PIDGEON, and Mr. A. DRYDEN. Also there are some scores of diagrams of a high degree of excellence, some of them coloured in red and blue lines, and others decorated with mystic letters, whereby the attentive student shall know on which foot he is skating and on which edge of his skate, and whether forwards or backwards. These variations, it is obvious, compose the whole art of skating. As the volume is intended to be carried by the skater in his pocket, and consulted upon the ice when he is in doubt as to a partly learnt figure, or in search of new difficulties over which to triumph, it appropriately contains two pictures of a pious-looking person in a frock coat, engaged in “restoring the apparently dead,” who is a youth of sentimental countenance, and rather droll costume. Altogether it is an elegant little book, and if skating can be learnt out of any book—which we do not deny—surely this is that book.

One of the principles of skating, as everybody ought to know, is to keep the elbows close to the sides, and another is to look in the direction in which you are moving, or so near thereto as you can safely get, and these are a little difficult to reconcile with the practice of reading off your Mohawk or Choctaw while you execute him—if that is the proper phrase; but it cannot be doubted that the spectacle of a number of earnest and accomplished skaters skating “combined figures,” and perusing the while their several copies of *Figure-Skating, Simple and Combined*, would be ennobling in no ordinary degree. We cannot hope for a recurrence of frost, partly out of consideration for the poor, partly because there was so much last winter, and partly because it seems to be now inseparable from the fogs in which life is hardly worth living, and red lines in diagrams are, save by candlelight, indistinguishable from blue. But it may come, and, if it should, it is much to be hoped that many copies of this work will promote the cutting of figures round oranges, or whatever objects are commonly used for the purpose, on Wimbledon Lake.

Among other interesting information, it contains a table showing the number of days on which there was skating at Wimbledon during the last thirteen winters. The best winters were 1890-91 and 1879-80, in each of which there were forty-seven, and in 1878-79 there were forty, so that in two successive years—presumably, in one year and a half—there was skating for no less than twelve weeks and a half, or as nearly as possible three calendar months. On the other hand, in the three years 1881-84 there was but one day (in 1882-83), and in 1884-85 only three days. The more skating there is this winter the more symmetrical the table will be. In any event the appearance of the volume is seasonable—or not, according to circumstances.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

VARIOUS attempts have been made from time to time to arouse public interest in the Alexandra Palace and estate, without any satisfactory or permanent results. The picturesque grounds are a landscape of desolation, the Palace itself has not inaptly been described as “a melancholy monument of miscalculation.” Failure is writ large on the substantial front of the Palace, and to the casual visitor the general aspect of park and building suggests that the place is haunted. Haunted or not, there is no doubt it is threatened. The builder, the roadmaker, the railway promoter, and others, must soon enter into possession of the larger part of the land, and transform one of the pleasantest spots of greenery in the London suburbs into a place of brick and mortar. There is but one way, though there might be many schemes, for the prevention of this undesirable development. The future of the Alexandra Palace may appear, to a superficial observer, of no consideration to the people of London, and a matter that chiefly concerns the owners of the property. Thirty years ago this view of the question might not have been contested by anybody. Nowadays the case is altered. The moment the future of the Alexandra Palace becomes identified with the possible preservation of a very attractive and much-needed open space, the public interest in that future must necessarily be deeply stirred. In these days of commons preservation and open-space legislation, it is only natural that the Financial Association, as owners of the estate at Muswell Hill, should have approached the Middlesex County Council with the object of obtaining the support of that body for a scheme for the disposal of a portion of the estate as a free open space. Mr. LITTLE, the Chairman of the Council, declined to have anything to do with the Bill promoted by the owners, on the ground that it dealt only with a part of the estate. The scheme was eventually withdrawn, the Council and the Parliamentary Committee both objecting to it. The wisdom of this conclusion is thoroughly borne out by the study of Mr. LITTLE's new scheme for the acquisition of the whole estate. The portion referred to comprises 134 acres of the park dedicated by Act of Parliament to the public as an open space for public resort and recreation “subject to the payment of reasonable sums of admission to the grounds and exhibitions thereon.” In addition to this land there are the larger building estate and the Palace itself. Mr. LITTLE's scheme provides for the purchase and preservation of the whole. A free Palace and a free open space are what it is desired to secure. To pay some hundreds of pounds per acre for land already secured to the public may seem a hardy proposal. And such, no doubt, it appeared to Mr. LITTLE when the isolated suggestion was made last year. But it is a very different matter when regarded as inclusive in the larger, well-considered scheme drawn up by Mr. LITTLE. Then, it may be asked, What are these 134 acres worth? Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE thinks they are worth nothing. But this, as Mr. BASIL HOLMES points out, can scarcely be the case, for the right of charging for admission might readily make the land extremely valuable. Another and not less pertinent question is, What are those acres worth, as an open space, without the contiguous building estate? There can be no doubt, were they not exempt from building, their value would be greatly increased if the adjacent land were built upon. But they are fortunately not threatened by the builder. Yet it does not follow that this land, already reserved to the public, would not seriously be damaged as an open space if the neighbouring building estate were covered with houses. One of the strongest arguments of those who were associated in the happily suc-

cessful movement to save Parliament Hill was that the Hill and fields about it were topographically a portion of Hampstead Heath, and if not secured from the builder must seriously lessen the value of that beautiful open space. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE was one of the most active promoters of that beneficial movement. But he looks with other eyes upon the Alexandra Palace and its future. He adopts an extremely unfriendly attitude towards Mr. LITTLE's suggestions, though we cannot detect anything very notable in his criticism beyond a characteristic vein of innuendo, and a stolid conviction that no good can possibly be extracted from the Alexandra Palace.

Whether Mr. LITTLE is chargeable with a sympathetic disposition towards the owners of the unfortunate Palace and park is a matter entirely outside the merits of his scheme. As to the charge that his estimates convict him of having been hasty, we can only remark that the accusation is a strange one for such a financial critic to make, and is decidedly not supported by anything that Mr. LEFEVRE's ingenuity has advanced, nor by Mr. LITTLE's excellently clear rejoinder. No one, certainly not Mr. LITTLE, has affirmed that there are no obstacles to be removed, though we believe they are likely to prove by no means so great and inflexible as Mr. LEFEVRE imagines. Indeed, it is clear that he has created difficulties that are wholly deceptive, as Mr. HOLMES shows in his remarks on the Open Spaces Act, and the powers that measure invests in local authorities for the acquisition of open spaces beyond, or partly beyond, their own areas of government. The grounds of Mr. LEFEVRE's objections are hard to seek. It is not a little strange, by the way, that he is especially opposed to the most admirable features of the scheme. Such is the retention of the Palace as a free building in a free park. This appears to be peculiarly obnoxious to Mr. LEFEVRE. He would level the building to the ground. We willingly admit that the Alexandra Palace is not a beautiful building. It is not fair to outward view as that other Palace is, and is too reminiscent of the hideous Exhibition-building that supplied the materials of which it is composed. Nor are we greatly moved by the assurance that it is one of the finest and most solid achievements of its eminent builders. If we were to consult our aesthetic sense only, we should not lament its fall. Yet if it be, as we believe, that the proposal to take over the estate for public recreation is worthy of every consideration, it would be foolishness to exclude the building or to regard it as doomed to destruction. If not all beautiful within or without, its spacious central hall and concert-rooms and galleries are admirably designed and of eminent utility. It is certain that such a building in many other countries would not be permitted to fall into ruin, or to lapse from the fulfilment of its obvious uses. Public enterprise, whether of the State or of local authorities, would step in and perform where private enterprise had failed in the undertaking. Opponents of Mr. LITTLE's scheme, or of any scheme of the kind, are disposed, as in similar instances in the past, to lay undue stress upon the readiness of the owners to dispose of their property, as if there were something unusual or sinister in their attitude. If there were no willingness to sell, in such cases, we may be sure there would be prospects or projects of buying. And the greater, the more genuine, the willingness to sell that which is admittedly unremunerative to the holders, though a desirable good to the public, the more facile should be the purchase and the more advantageous the terms to the purchasers. In these matters the interests of the public have been well protected hitherto, and there is no reason to regret transactions of this nature that have been carried out in the past by the City or the Metropolitan Board of Works. If we did not know that Mr. LEFEVRE abhors sentiment, we should be inclined to liken his apprehensions to the poet's "fears in "solitude," or the ingenuous censure of an expert who had expected to be called in and was not consulted.

THE YEAR.

1891 opened with the quarrel between the two sections, the lay and the ecclesiastical, into which the Irish party has now split in full swing. When the year began Mr. Parnell was engaged with Messrs. W. O'Brien and Dillon at Boulogne in a great part of negotiation, of which the ostensible object was the restoration of union in the party. At the close of the year his followers, after many defeats and the loss of their half-American, and not at

all Irish, leader, have shown at Waterford that they can hold at least some ground in Ireland against the most strenuous efforts of the clergy, and the curious combination of sentimental, self-seeking, acrid, Republican or Socialistic politicians who are now in unnatural alliance with the Church. In the meantime, what was certainly not the least near the heart of the negotiators at Boulogne among the objects discussed by them has not been settled. The control of the League fund at Paris, diminished as it was by calls for the payment of Mr. Dillon's bail and other similar objects, is still paralysed by the fact that each section of the divided party claims the right to prevent the other from touching the money. There appears to be a reasonable prospect that a Saxon Court will be called upon to decide between the claims of the various Irishmen who have found patriotism a refuge from duller pursuits. In the meantime also the English party, which has been tied by Mr. Gladstone to the Irish alliance, has stood attentive to the will of the masters whom he has given it. In January it was endeavouring to appear unconcerned by the revelation that Mr. Parnell was what loyal Englishmen have always known him to be. In December it stands committed to satisfy Irishmen who have repeatedly declared that they will be content with nothing less than was demanded by Mr. Parnell.

The so-called Boulogne negotiations, which wanted no solemnity of parade to give them a true Irish gravity, were ended by Mr. Parnell on the 11th February, when they had served their turn. Knowledge of what passed in them is derived from two sources, of which one is not less trustworthy (or more so) than the other—firstly, the guesses of the Gladstonians, enlightened by what their Irish masters chose to tell them, and then the mutual accusations of the leaders in the Irish faction fight. The certain result of them was that Mr. Parnell would not be jockeyed out of his power, and that Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon would not, or could not, promise him the effective control of the Paris fund. Mr. Parnell returned to continue his fight in Ireland. Messrs. W. O'Brien and Dillon came over to Folkestone, and surrendered to undergo the six months' imprisonment to which they had been condemned in the previous year, and which they had avoided hitherto by breaking their bail, and running away to America. During their period of seclusion Mr. Parnell continued to make speeches about once a week in Ireland, and occasionally in England, marked by an audacity and violence which became monotonous when they had reached, as they soon did, the maximum of those qualities. It soon became clear that he had undergone the fate which the Irish have seldom or never failed to inflict on their leaders. He could collect large audiences, and was nearly always sure of their cheers, but his effective power had gone. The strength of the Church was exercised against him to the full. Mr. Parnell must have been aware of the truth, for he did not venture to stand to the promise he had given to resign his seat for Cork if his hostile colleague would do the same. When his challenge was accepted by Mr. Maurice Healy Mr. Parnell evaded it with excuses more shameless than ingenious. An appeal to the Irish-Americans met with no effective response. Contested elections went against him, and when Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon came out of prison his cause was so manifestly hopeless that they did not maintain that appearance of friendship, or at least hesitation, which they had carefully preserved at Boulogne. They joined the Church, thereby loosening Mr. Parnell's tongue still further. Mutual recrimination and faction fights went on briskly. The *Freeman's Journal*, which had hitherto supported Mr. Parnell, was taken over to the enemy by its proprietor, and although the utter personal insignificance of his opponents made it always possible that he would one day regain his position by sheer superiority of faculty, he seemed beaten before his sudden death at Brighton in October.

The removal of Mr. Parnell has not yet brought on the disappearance of his party. As a matter of course, it has not calmed the violence of Irishmen. Mr. Timothy Healy, whose head was banged against a bed-post in Cork in the spring, was horsewhipped in that city in the autumn by a nephew of Mr. Parnell's, for language of more even than his customary brutality about Mr. Parnell's widow. This second instance of the lately discovered faculty of the Irish for the conduct of their own affairs occurred in the midst of the election of Mr. Parnell's successor. The result of the contest justified the prudence of the late leader's decision not to risk his seat. Although the Parnellites appeared from the result of the municipal elections to be in a great majority in the town, they were beaten by no less than 1,512 votes. In this, as in all recent Irish elections, the clergy were very active in all parts of the contest, and not least in those phases of it which passed in the streets, and were diversified by the use of blackthorns. It was an unpleasant feature of the contest that the Unionist vote given to Captain Sarsfield was disappointingly small. The details of the rioting in word or deed which constitute the staple of Irish political discussion are innumerable and monotonous. Two essential facts may be gathered out of it all.

The Irish parties outbid one another in the emphasis of their assertions of the extent and thoroughness of the concessions they will insist on from England. The point of difference between them is this, that whereas one maintains a show of independence, the other not unnaturally trusts that there is nothing Mr. Gladstone will not do to regain office. Then it has been proved that there is a party of substantial strength in Ireland which is so intent on the immediate joy of shaking off the authority of the priests that it can wait before destroying the tyranny of the Saxon. When the death of Mr. Power left a vacancy at Waterford, Mr. Redmond, who had just been beaten at Cork, came forward to contest the seat in the Parnellite interest. After some hesitation, and against the wish of Archbishop Walsh, the anti-Parnellites decided to bring forward a candidate. A Mr. Keane was chosen, but was found insufficient, when his friend Mr. Davitt had his head broken by a Parnellite (we are writing about the affairs of Ireland) at the end of the Toll Bridge. Mr. Davitt having been, in highly Hibernian fashion, indicated as the true champion, stood, but was beaten. There is, therefore, a solid foundation for opposition to the authority of the priesthood in Ireland.

The business of Government in that country has been throughout the year comparatively simple. The "bloody hoof of the Saxon" has been firmly put on the efforts of contending Irish patriots to cudgel and kick one another to death. During April Lady Zetland and Miss Balfour made a tour throughout the distressed districts of the West. New Tipperary has been deserted by the butter merchants, who have returned to Mr. Smith Barry's weighing-house, and the Plan of Campaign is a recognized failure.

The course of domestic politics has been somewhat overshadowed by the progress of the Irish conflict—an inevitable consequence of the compact which has bound one English party to obey orders from Ireland. The approach of the General Election has also had its effect. On the Parliamentary Session the influence of the coming contest was visible in familiar signs. Until the Ministry took all the time of the House of Commons for public business, there was a marked tendency on the part of members on both sides to vote for general resolutions, of which the only intelligible object was to please this or that section of voters who are known to be addicted to a particular fad. The most scandalous example of this unscrupulous practice was given when a majority of the House of Commons was found to support Sir J. Pease's motion condemning the opium revenue of the Indian Government. It was a worse instance than others, because it caused some temporary inconvenience to the India Office, and showed with what frivolity members of the House of Commons can play with national interests of the utmost delicacy and importance. Cases in which interests of less magnitude only were affected hardly deserve notice in a review of the year. We have previously recorded at length the progress of the main measures of the Session—the Irish Land and Education Bills. The first was made inevitable by the necessity of putting an end to the historic curse of Ireland—double ownership in land—which Mr. Gladstone had so greatly intensified by tentative legislation in the days when, on his own showing, he was still ignorant of the real character of the Irish question. The Education Bill, for which the Government sacrificed Mr. Goschen's substantial surplus, was passed in the latter half of the Session. Of this measure the justification would appear to be the necessity of convincing the rural voter that the Unionist party is his friend. It is to be presumed that some such necessity of placating somebody dictated Mr. Balfour's promise, made at the very end of the Session, to give Ireland a Local Government Bill next year. In neither case does the object aimed at appear to have been obtained. Mr. Balfour must have learnt at the meeting of the National Union of Conservatives at Birmingham, at the end of November, that his own party consider the undertaking at least gratuitous, while its reception by the Irish, loyal and disloyal, has been equally cold, though for different reasons. The Education Bill has also failed to attain its presumed purpose, to judge by the result of elections in rural districts. Elections have been very numerous throughout the year, beginning with Hartlepool in January. In too many cases the result of these contests has been of a character to justify the loud jubulations of the Separatists. At Aston Manor in March the Unionists gained a notable success by increasing their majority, which had stood at 782 in 1886, to 2,978. When the death of Mr. Raikes left a vacancy for the University of Cambridge, the Separatists allowed Professor Jebb to be returned unopposed. Sir James Fergusson secured his return for Manchester when he had to stand again on his acceptance of the Post Office, by a substantial majority over a strong opponent. In West Derbyshire, too, the Unionist candidate was returned unopposed. But against these successes must be set off a list of diminished majorities and lost seats. Of these some of the worst—the Stowmarket

Division of Suffolk, for instance, in May, and South Molton in November—occurred either after the Education Bill had been announced or after it had been passed, and might therefore be presumed to have produced its full effect. These indications of the existence of a useful discontent in the rural population have not been without their natural effect on the Opposition. There has been a growing conviction shown by its leaders that the time has come when something must be done to remedy the now patent wrongs of the country voter. In October a great meeting of the National Liberal Federation was held in Newcastle, in which the Opposition promised its best services to everybody—who would first help to get Mr. Gladstone into office, and then wait till he had settled the Irish question. The rural voter had his share of all these good words; but it was thought advisable to give him a little entertainment to himself. He was therefore invited to appear in November by a species of new Gladstonian virtual representation—in the persons, namely, of such as had been chosen to speak for him by Mr. Schnadhorst. The places chosen were the Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street, and the Holborn Restaurant. There the virtual representatives of the agricultural population met and said all that the Gladstonian wire-pullers have lately said for them, or sang hymns while Mr. Gladstone made an imposing progress up the street. On the 24th of November the National Union of Conservatives met at Birmingham. The meeting was chiefly remarkable, apart from good speaking, for the frigid reception of Mr. Balfour's promise to Ireland, which the meeting subjected to the snub called the previous question, and for Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic declaration that reunion with the Gladstonians is a thing which he neither looks forward to nor desires.

The deaths of Mr. Raikes in August and of Mr. Smith in October, one day before Mr. Parnell, have caused changes in the tenure of office of which one at least is of more than official interest. Mr. Raikes was succeeded at the Post Office by Sir James Fergusson, whose Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office was inherited by Mr. James Lowther, appointments which were both good in themselves, and were not the less liked because they were, perhaps maliciously, believed to have disappointed the hopes of somebody else. The changes which were made necessary by the lamented fatal termination to the long illness of Mr. Smith were of the utmost importance. The leadership of the House of Commons was left vacant. It was not, strictly speaking, necessary to supply the loss till Parliament met again; but delay might have had mischievous effects, by giving consistency to rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet and among the Unionist leaders. All discussion on these alleged differences of view and conflicts of ambition was cut short by the announcement that the one member of the Conservative party who could have enforced his claims, if it had been necessary, had succeeded Mr. Smith. Mr. Balfour became leader of the House of Commons and resigned the Irish Secretaryship, which has been taken by Mr. Jackson. At the very close of the year the death of the Duke of Devonshire has called up the leader of the Liberal-Unionists from the Lower to the Upper House. The change was one long foreseen, and not necessarily of great moment. The Duke of Devonshire will be as well able to lead his party in the Lords as the Marquess of Hartington did in the Commons.

The year has been fairly rich in interesting events of an only partially, or not at all political, character. The most agreeable of them was the brilliant State visit made by the German Emperor during the summer. Strikes come under the first heading, since they are indications that some body of persons with votes are discontented and presumably amenable to offers. At the beginning of the year the Scotch Railway servants were engaged in a very obstinate, and ultimately violent, railway strike, which they had begun before Christmas Day of 1890, just when the sudden stoppage of all railway traffic might be reasonably supposed to cause the greatest possible amount of loss and inconvenience to the country. Almost all the Scottish lines were affected, but the struggle was most severe on the two main ones, the North British and the Caledonian. As has been frequently found to be the case, the ostensible object of the strikers, which was shorter hours, was found to cover an attempt to obtain higher wages in the shape of increased overtime pay. The discussions between employers and men, both in private and in the press, proved that the Companies had not always been considerate to their servants. But the railway men deprived themselves of public sympathy by the little regard they showed for the public convenience, by disregarding their legal obligation to give warning before ceasing work, by calling in professional agitators from England, and, finally, more or less at their instigation, by betaking themselves to open riot. There was resistance to the police at Motherwell, and soon after attacks were made on railway stations, and efforts to wreck trains. The Companies showed quite as much Scotch stiffness of neck as their servants, and made a much more vigorous use of their legal rights

than employers have generally done in England. By the end of January the men were reduced to a surrender very thinly disguised as a compromise. The Companies promised to consider their grievances. The Scotch strike was the most considerable, but not the only, event of the kind. In the Post Office a number of Telegraph clerks refused to volunteer for extra work in the winter, and had to be taught by disciplinary measures that volunteering in Government offices is a polite figure of speech. In June the London omnibus men struck in a body, and for a time the streets were nearly wholly free from these lumbering coaches. Here, also, the alleged grievance was the length of the day's work; but it was gradually made clear that the strike had been provoked by the decision of the General Omnibus Company to establish a strict system of checks on the takings of their servants. The strike was accompanied by a certain amount of violence, much exaggerated in the telling. It was discovered, rather to the common surprise, that London could do without omnibuses better than had been supposed. After a week or ten days of clear streets, the strike ended on the terms of the masters, who offered a slight increase of pay and a limitation of the day's work to twelve hours. There has been a renewal at some of the outposts and on the Thames of disputes between the sailors and the shipowners, or between dock labourers and their employers, none of which have been of any great magnitude. These quarrels have had their echoes in the Law Courts, in Parliament, and among those whom the "Labour question" interests not always wisely or honestly. In January Mr. Bompas, the Recorder of Plymouth, decided that the action of Union workmen to cease working for an employer if non-Union workmen are employed amounts to intimidation. Mr. Bompas's decision was not upheld on appeal. In Parliament attempts have been made to amend the law of conspiracy in the interests of the Unions. That discontent of the working class which is often found on inquiry to be simply the common wish to get more money than the market will pay, for the same or less work, has been as conspicuous as ever. It has also, as before, been encouraged by people who hold, or for their own purposes affect to hold, the common revolutionary doctrine that discontent with poverty is a valid excuse for taking other people's property. The Eight Hours Bill, an apparently precise but really very vague expression, has been much in evidence. It was voted for at the Trade-Union Congress at Liverpool, by a majority of the delegates, who themselves represented, in many cases, merely trumpety Unions of labourers, and over the heads of the delegates of rich, long-established, and really important Unions of skilled workmen. It was patronized with other fads at the National Liberal Meeting. The Royal Commission on Labour, appointed during the course of the Session, has held many sittings, too many of which have been wasted in listening to the crude talk of agitators. Abroad the discontent of the workmen, as expressed by the May Day Demonstration, led at Rome, Lyons, Marseilles, and some places in Spain to riots and bloodshed.

Of non-political events, the most really interesting, at least to Londoners, has been the entire defeat of the so-called Progressist party in the School Board elections in November. The London ratepayers have at last been roused to rid themselves decisively of a Board which appeared to act on the principle that zeal for the education of A's children justifies the waste of B's money.

The year has been nearly as full of "sensational" law-suits as of elections. The decision of a Mr. Jackson to reclaim his wife by methods which had a pleasing smack of the Middle Ages gave Lord Esher and Lord Justice Fry, with the Chancellor leading them, an opportunity to startle the nation by deciding that any wife can leave any husband whenever she pleases, and can also leave him bound for life to her. The Baccarat case, a very sensational case indeed, showed that a taste for games of chance, when not under due control, may lead even the most august persons into places where ugly things are done. The case of *Streeter v. Pinter* again proved that our old friend the Alchemist survives with variations. Having grown bolder with time, he no longer transmutes, but increases. The Cathcart case illustrates the facility, and also the danger, of mistaking strong peculiarities of character for madness. More dismally sordid story than that told in the Osborne case, which was so abruptly terminated a few days ago, and will have a not less dismal sequel, has seldom been heard. Even India has had its sensational trial, from which it may be learnt that no less potent a gentleman than the Nizam of Hyderabad, with an army of his own, may undergo this annoying experience—that he may give nearly a quarter of a million sterling to be allowed to look at a diamond with option to purchase if he likes, may decide not to take the stone when he sees it, and may then find that he cannot get his money back.

The announcement in December of the engagement of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales to his cousin, the daughter of the Duke of Teck, was a matter for national congratulation.

The affairs of India and the colonies have been exceptionally fertile in interest, not always of a pleasant kind. In India the passing of the Age of Consent Bill has been seen with very mixed feelings. To stop what to Western ideas is the outrage of marrying mere girls to old men, in a country in which widowhood is socially infamous, may seem an excellent step. Unfortunately it cannot be effectually done, as the Indian Government has discovered somewhat late, without a hazardous departure from that wise reluctance to interfere with the religious and social practices of the East, however revolting they may seem to us, to which we owe it that our rule has not been exercised amid incessant discontent. The Government has been compelled to make an acknowledgment of overhaste, if not error, by announcing that it will make a very limited use of the powers it has obtained. The prosecution of the Bangabasi native newspaper for seditious language has ended more successfully; for, although the defendants escaped punishment by the disagreement of the jury, they were sufficiently frightened to make an apology for their leading articles, and promise to behave better in future. The disaster at Imphail on the 24th of March was not materially important. The success of one British officer, Lieutenant, now Major, Grant at Thobal, and the occupation of the whole State of Manipur by converging columns of troops in a month, proves the extreme weakness of that State, and the constant readiness of the Indian army for war. But there was much about the event which came with a disagreeable shock. We learnt from it that not even long experience and innumerable examples can always preserve British officers from committing every blunder which is sure to bring disaster in dealing with Orientals. Mr. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner of Assam, went up to Imphail to adjust a dispute in the reigning house which had led to revolutions in the Palace. He went, accompanied by an escort strong enough in numbers to sweep the Manipuri army out of the way, but unfortunately armed with different rifles, and ill supplied with ammunition. At Imphail he acted on orders given, or even only recommendations made, at a distance, but neglected the advice of the English resident, Mr. Grimwood. When the Senaputty, the prince who was held responsible for the troubles in the State, avoided arrest, Mr. Quinton, unchecked, as it would seem, by Colonel Skene, the commander of his escort, divided his forces, struck where there was no use in striking, failed to strike at the essential point, and then, when the roof of the Residency, a thatched building right under the guns of the native Palace, caught fire, committed the incredible error of entering into a parley with the enemy. He and the Englishmen who accompanied him, including Colonel Skene and Mr. Grimwood, were massacred. Nor did the scandal end here. The officers commanding the escort not only evacuated the Residency, a judicious step in itself, but fled in confusion to the frontier, leaving several of their men behind in the garden, and for a time at least allowing Mrs. Grimwood to struggle on behind them as best she could. The two officers responsible have been dismissed the service—a fitting, but by no means severe, conclusion to a story which is valuable only as a warning. On the entry of the troops the leaders responsible for the massacre were arrested and punished. A boy of the ruling family has been named Rajah, and an English Resident will give orders, hardly even disguised as advice, in Manipur.

In Egypt a judicial system has been set up, with an Englishman, Mr. Scott, at its head, in spite of the sulky opposition of France and the open resistance of native officials, which was finally overridden by the Khedive. Osman Digna has been once more beaten at Tokar by Egyptian soldiers under command of Colonel Halled Smith.

Among Colonial affairs none have more closely touched the mother-country than the crisis in the long dispute about the French shore in Newfoundland. In the beginning of the year it had become very acute. The colonists had entered largely into the business of lobster catching and canning in the waters which the French have some claim to consider as reserved to themselves. Exasperated by the colonial Bait Acts, which were passed as an answer to their own bounty to fishermen, the French were very punctilious in insisting on their treaty rights. The colonists again argued that lobsters are not fish, while canning is not drying, and that therefore the French cannot claim the right to can lobsters under the treaty which authorizes them to dry fish. Between the two the Imperial Government was in no pleasant position. It decided at last to refer the question of the right to catch lobsters to arbitration, which was agreed to by the French on condition that a *modus vivendi* which secured them an undisturbed use of the shore was enforced until the decision of the arbitrators was known. The colony was ill satisfied. It began legal proceedings against naval officers on the station, and there was much talk of resistance. The Home Government was at last compelled to bring in a Bill for coercing the colony, and proceed with it steadily in spite of the protests of a deputation from the colony, which visited England in April, and was heard at the

Bar of the House of Lords. At last the Newfoundlanders undertook to enforce the *modus vivendi* themselves, and the Bill was not carried through. Of the arbitration nothing more has been heard. A somewhat similar arrangement, in which there has, however, been no need for an appeal to the coercive action of Parliament, has been made with the United States about the seal fishery in Behring Sea. The purely internal affairs of Canada have had much more than ordinary interest. The Mc'Kinley Act having affected the commercial interests of Canada very seriously, Sir John Macdonald found that the Liberal party were agitating for a modification of his own fiscal policy, in the direction of more concession to the United States. In February he advised a dissolution. The subsequent contest, which was conducted with the greatest acrimony, resulted in a majority for the Government of 25 votes. Sir John Macdonald accused his opponents of an intention to bring about the reception of Canada into the American Union, and made great use of a pamphlet by one Mr. E. Farrer, an Irish journalist and Canadian Liberal, who had written to explain how the Americans could worry Canada into joining them. Sir John himself died immediately after his victory, and his death has in turn been followed, first, by dissensions among Canadian politicians, and then by mutual accusations of corruption between Conservative and Liberal which have been shown to be only too well founded. A Committee of the Dominion Parliament has found that Sir Hector Langevin, a Conservative, has been guilty of corrupt practices in degrees variously estimated by its members according to their party. In the meantime Mr. Mercier, a noted French Liberal politician of the Province of Quebec, has been similarly charged by two Conservative judges out of a Court of three appointed to inquire into his case. Mr. Mercier has been dismissed by the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Angers, with the result of provoking a constitutional conflict in the province. Sir Hector Langevin, with more grace, retired from office. In both cases it appears to be proved that Canadian politicians are prepared to make bargains with contractors by which advantages are given them at the public expense in return for money subscribed for "political purposes," which are found not unnaturally to include the presentation of testimonials to the politicians. In Australia a Conference held at Sydney has prepared the draft of a Federal Union based on American and Canadian originals, which awaits the acceptance of the several Colonial Governments. In South Africa the South Africa Company has established itself in Mashonaland, and has repelled the intrusion of Boer trekkers.

The affairs of foreign nations have not often been of much moment to their neighbours. In Europe the events of most general importance have been the renewal of the Triple Alliance, with its result, the "approximation," to use the convenient diplomatic term, of France and Russia, and then the formation towards the close of the year of a commercial alliance completing the political among the central Powers, to which some outlying small States have adhered or show a disposition to adhere. The fleets of Europe have played an unwonted part in diplomacy. First the English fleet visited Fiume and Venice, with the result of convincing the sagacious that England had joined the Triple Alliance. Then the French made a round of the Baltic ending at Cronstadt, thereby persuading these same persons that an alliance had been formed between France and Russia. But then the French fleet came to Spithead, and was hospitably entertained, which was considered proof positive that England had not joined the Triple Alliance. Peace, it was warmly asserted, was the one end of all these cruises. In France the species of truce which followed on the defeat of General Boulanger has been broken by an outbreak of the old anti-Clerical quarrel of which the temper of the Archbishop of Aix was the ostensible, and the rancour of the Radicals was the real, cause. At the close of the year the expulsion of a French journalist from Sofia has provoked an absurd quarrel with Bulgaria. Germany has been mainly engaged in watching the erratic movements and listening to the no less erratic words of its Emperor. In Russia the persecution of the Jews has been accompanied by a famine of extraordinary extent and severity. In Italy Signor Crispi has been upset in consequence of an outbreak of temper directed against his allies of the Right. In Servia the Regency has bought off King Milan for 30,000*l.* a year, and has shaken off Queen Natalie by kidnapping and expulsion. Portugal has quelled a Republican outbreak at Oporto, and settled down to quiet for a time at least, after a financial crisis. Outside of Europe there has been civil conflict or only riot in the extreme degree in abundance. Arabs have rebelled against the Turks. The Shah of Persia has discovered that even the Asylum of the World must not tax his subjects' tobacco too stringently. In China there have been anti-foreign riots accompanied by massacre in the Yangtze-kiang Valley, and later on disturbances in the North of a somewhat less intelligible kind. On the American continent a conflict of extraordinary ferocity has been

fought out in Chili, ending, after wholesale executions, battles by land, actions at sea, bombardments, and the torpedoing of ironclads, by the disembarkation of an expeditionary force from the North, near Valparaiso, three days of sanguinary fighting, and the utter defeat of President Balmaceda, who has since shot himself in the Argentine Legation. In Brazil Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca has Balmaceda'd without success, but also without bloodshed. He had the excuse that, if he interpreted the Constitution in his own way, he had also made it. The United States has terminated the Indian war which was raging at the beginning of the year, without too flagrantly abusing their superior power. In their internal politics, the result of the last elections seems to prove that there has been some falling off in the Democratic strength as shown last year. The lynching of nine Italians at New Orleans, who had been acquitted for the murder of Chief Constable Hennessy, has led to a diplomatic coolness with Italy which still endures. The grand jury of New Orleans refused to find true bills against the lynchers, several of whom were no doubt among its members.

The obituary of the year is one of extraordinary length, and contains a quite wonderful proportion of names of men who were at the time of their death, or had been at some period of their lives, eminent. It includes Lord Granville, M. Jules Grévy, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Russell Lowell, Lord Lytton, and Sir William White; Sir John Macdonald, M. Meissonier, Mr. Charles Keene, Mr. Parnell, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir Barnes Peacock, two Archbishops of York—Dr. Thompson and Dr. Magee—Bishop Harold Brown, Marshal von Moltke, General Sherman, Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, and Mr. Cecil Raikes. Greatly as the names in this list differ in character, in faculty, and in the nature of their distinction, all had been or were, if only by right of their office, eminent. The list of distinguished names—or of such as were merely notorious—is not shorter. Archdeacon Morris, Sir J. W. Bazalgette, the engineer; Mr. Beal, long known by what has become the profession of municipal reformer; Major Bromhead, who retrieved the honour of the British flag after the great disaster at Ulundi; Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Sir W. Kirby Green, long known as H.M. Minister in Morocco; Mr. Hansard, of the *Debates*; Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of Australian gold; Sir T. Chambers, the Recorder of London; Musurus Pasha, long Turkish Ambassador in London; Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the philologist; Dr. Abraham Kuenen, who had said in print that God could be explained away by Jahveh; Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of successive Troys; Mr. Jamrach, the wild-beast collector; and the rival African monarchs Ja-Ja and Oko Jumbo, who fought all their lives, and in their deaths were not divided—were all known men, some for honour, and no one of them quite discreditably. Don José Manuel Balmaceda, sometime President of Chili, will be remembered in the history of his country as one who played the tyrant in all senses, ancient and modern, with vigour, if not with proportionate ability. General Boulanger, who was in his time most eminent in notoriety, died by his own hand as the world was beginning to forget him. Barnum is become a name for puffery, and Blavatsky will not be forgotten while Cagliostro is remembered. Dom Pedro, once Emperor of Brazil, died in exile, with the credit due to one who loved righteousness and hated iniquity according to approved modern formulas. The King of Wurtemberg had the good fortune to occupy a throne the tenure of which did not depend on his personal qualities. The House of Commons has lost Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. T. C. Baring, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Bruce, Lord E. Cavendish, Sir R. Fowler, Colonel Hambro, Sir J. Pope Hennessy, The O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. Power, and Mr. Taplin, as well as others named already. The Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Earl Beauchamp and the Earl of Devon, have been lost to the House of Lords. The Earl of Albemarle may be named apart with Lieutenant-Colonel Hewett as the last two surviving Waterloo officers. Letters and art have lost, besides the greater names already mentioned, Mr. Bancroft, the voluminous historian of the United States, the Rev. H. R. Luard, Mr. Major, Mr. Maddison Morton, Mr. Palgrave Simpson, Mr. Wills, Mr. Lewis Wingfield and Miss Jessie Fothergill, Mr. Davenport Adams, Mr. Thomas Collier, Mr. Edwin Long, Messrs. Florence and Barry Sullivan the actors, Messrs. Farmer, Litloff, and Präger the musicians, and Mr. Cellier the composer. The name of M. Calmann Lévy, the French publisher, may be mentioned among those who are lost to literature.

THE NEW RULES OF GOLF.

THE agitator, like the schoolmaster, has been abroad, and one result of his divagations is apparent in a revised edition of the Rules of Golf. Thousands now play this game where its votaries were formerly numbered by tens, humanity is now the

richer in the possession of Tee-Shot Bitters, of patent cleeks galore, and of golfing integuments, "mystic, wonderful," the mere sight of which, had they appeared thirty years ago, would have hurried the stately old-world golfer into an untimely grave. Peace to his memory! it is for us who survive to take stock of the altered situation. There had long been an uneasy feeling that the Rules were not perhaps the most perfect that intellectual acumen might evolve; they were markedly deficient in literary grace—perhaps an unimportant detail—and their grammar was execrable; they were by no means exhaustive, and at the best but vaguely indicated the proper course to be pursued under certain circumstances. Hence it was easy to imagine cases—nay, cases not infrequently arose—the decision of which might and did perplex the wisest pundits of the game. Still at St. Andrews, the headquarters, tradition and custom had supplemented the imperfections of the code, so that the whole had crystallized into a homogeneous mass sufficient for the habits of the green, who generally knew fairly well what to do, and was seldom at fault, wherefore his principal desire was to be let alone. But with the multiplication of Clubs and players arose the cry for greater uniformity and precision; the St. Andrews Rules were clearly the basis for all play, but the logical mind of the English golfer detected in them glaring anomalies, and he said so. Moreover he spoke in no uncertain tones, but contrariwise was aggressively loud and emphatic, so much so that the Olympian calm at headquarters was ruffled in proportion to the magnitude of the changes suggested. As a result of much discussion, a Committee of Revision was appointed, the members of which lived laborious days, and in the night season also took no rest, being ever engaged in the hopeless task of hammering out improvements and alterations which should satisfy everybody alike. The net result of it all was, that it was agreed to accept the recommendations of the Committee, but only on the distinct understanding that no fundamental principle of the Royal and Ancient Game should be tampered with. Hence came the New Rules, at which we would now glance, directing our attention to the points wherein they differ from the old ones; for on and after the 1st January, 1892, the golfer's drill-book will be by no means identical with that to which he has become accustomed. The new book is divided into four parts—namely, "Rules for the Game of Golf," "Special Rules for Medal Play," "Etiquette of Golf," and "Local Rules for St. Andrews Links." The first point that strikes us is that the diameter of the hole is now laid down as $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and it must be at least 4 inches deep. Certainly it is curious that the decision of this all-important point should hitherto have been left to chance, or rather to the sweet will of the ironmonger who provided the cutter. The size of a cricket-ball, dimensions of a bat, which must not be exceeded, height of tennis and lawn-tennis nets, are all laid down; none of which particulars are more important than the dimensions of golfing holes, which notoriously varied considerably on different greens. A terse and explicit definition of "a stroke" is given—to wit, "any movement of the club which is intended to strike the ball"—that being so, no necessity arises for the retention of the old rule dealing with the case of a club breaking during the stroke; it is therefore deleted. In Rule viii., the sentence "The match is won by the side which gets more holes ahead than there remain holes to be played" appears somehow to have gone wrong; in any case, it is artistically inferior to the old version, which instructed us that "the match is won by the side which wins one or more holes in excess of the number of holes remaining to be played." The next rule deals in a common-sense way with the case of one playing when his opponent should have done so, as having been further from the hole. The stroke may now be recalled, whereas formerly, by putting two and two together, a lost hole was the sum arrived at. It may be remarked that not very long ago this penalty was claimed and allowed in a professional match, the claim not unnaturally giving rise to considerable feeling. Rule xi. tells us that loose impediments lying at more than a club-length from the ball (except on the putting-green) may not be removed under penalty of a stroke, and Rule xv. grapples with the vexed question "What is a hazard?" coming too, it must be said, fairly well out of the encounter. This definition being important, it will be well to quote it *in extenso*, as thus:—"A hazard shall be any bunker of whatever nature—water, sand, loose earth, molehills, paths, roads or railways, whins, bushes, rushes, rabbit-scrapes, fences, ditches, or anything which is not the ordinary green of the course, except sand blown on to the grass by wind, or sprinkled on grass for the preservation of the links, or snow, or ice, or bare patches on the course." In none of these situations is it allowable for the club to touch the ground before the stroke.

"When a ball is to be dropped the player shall drop it." The path of duty is here indicated in a style of uncompromising conscientiousness and vigour; the casual reader might even regard the instruction as superfluous; but it is not so, for the distinction is between the player and his caddy. The latter, if a good one, by

dint of wriggings and genuflexions, was wont skilfully to secure a teed ball for his master; but this course will no longer be available; for very precise instructions are given, which will render any such advantage more difficult of attainment. By the addition of the word "himself" after "player" the distinction would be better emphasized; but in any case it is an improvement on the old rule, which discoursed of "the party dropping the ball," reminding one of Leech's picture, "Highly Interesting"; "Seen that party lately?" "What, the party with the wooden leg as come with," &c. The Honours student will finish the quotation, but the humble pass-man will find that difficult; for it is lengthy and confusing withal.

One of the most important points is the recognition of the principle that whatever happens to a ball *in motion* is a rub of the green, which must thus be submitted to with smiling exterior; but, for a ball *at rest*, displaced by external agency, we have the common-sense remedy. Whereas a player formerly had to lose the hole for playing his opponent's ball, his carelessness henceforth will only cost him a stroke; "but if it be discovered before either side has struck off at the tee that one side has played out the previous hole with the ball of a party not engaged in the match, that side loses the hole." Only the pessimist will suggest that these inconvenient discoveries may possibly be made with greater frequency just after the next tee-shots have been struck. Five minutes, instead of ten, is to be the time limit when hunting for a lost ball, and now, when on the putting-green, nobody, by changing his position for the purpose, may interfere with the real or supposed influence of the wind on the ball, or stand, so to speak, betwixt the wind and its mobility under the severe penalty of loss of the hole. An all-important alteration is that which gives a player the option of replacing his ball should it have been displaced by the other ball. This is certainly the fairer way, for under the old rule great hardships sometimes occurred. One instance of this fell under the writer's observation. Two players had tied for a medal and were playing it off; a very even match. Player A had laid himself stone dead, when player B cannoned against him with such force as to knock A into a position whence he took two extra shots to regain his lost place. B meanwhile, adding insult to injury, lay dead in A's place, and thanks to this, eventually won the medal, which otherwise would have gone to A, had he been allowed to replace his ball. We are now told that a penalty stroke does not affect the rotation of play, a point formerly not quite clear, and the old rule which decreed a lost hole where no special penalty for infringement was mentioned is abrogated. Such are the alterations so far as Match-play is concerned.

For Medal-play, three new and salient points are, that "no member shall play *any* stroke on a putting-green before competing," that he "may not discontinue play on account of bad weather," and that "the penalty for the breach of any rule is disqualification." The remainder of the book provides little food for reflection. The division treating of "Etiquette" merely embodies what every golfer, with the smallest pretensions to rank as such, knew before; the melancholy thing is that it has been found necessary or desirable to print it. Delightful days were those in "Sixpenny," when, with some ten matches going on within about as many yards of each other, we could slog to square-leg, or crump to the off, yelling "Thank you, cut over" to Marjoribanks *minimus*, sore as to the shin. Such joys are not to the maturer golfer; he must allow the party in front not only to play their second shots, but also to get out of range, which two things are by no means synonymous. For the rest we would fain have seen a paragraph devoted to that worst of nuisances, the single player, who persists in obtruding himself on a crowded green, expecting as much deference to be shown him as to a properly constituted match. If we mistake not, it has been found necessary on the Innerleven links to pass a special rule dealing with this subject. The local rules remain much what they were, and, inasmuch as we are mainly concerned with those of general application, need not be discussed. The whole might with advantage have been carefully sub-edited; but the thanks of the now large golfing community are due to the Committee of Revision, who, undoubtedly, have left the Rules in a condition somewhat more satisfactory than that in which they found them.

THE THEATRES.

IF Mr. Comyns Carr had devised a newer story than that which he tells in *Forgiveness*, and had treated it with the ability he therein displays, a notable work would have been the result. As it is, he has written a very interesting piece, not the least remarkable point about which is that he succeeds by his tact and taste in conferring distinction upon what is in fact an old and well-worn episode. The innocent bigamist is a familiar stage

personage, and not less so is the heir who returns under a false name to his ancestral acres, and is impelled by the power of love, not only to abandon his claim, but to submit to the deepest contumely. The villain in *Forgiveness* is not distinct from many other villains with whom we have had a prolonged stage acquaintance; and the old family solicitor is of course a standing type. We find likewise that pair of youthful lovers who figure in all modern plays of this class, and, in truth, of these we are growing just a little tired. It is not easy to trace them to their original inception; but since *A Scrap of Paper*, they have been accustomed to fall into their places in—or just outside of—the plot. They were found in *New Men and Old Acres*, if our memory serves us, they continue to appear in *The Honourable Herbert* which was produced last week, and here they are again in *Forgiveness* produced this. Mr. Carr, it will therefore be seen, has not invented new characters; and that he is able to invest the doings of so many old friends and acquaintances with new interest certainly says very much indeed for his skill as a playwright. To this, and to the happy circumstance that the chief parts are in extremely able hands, is due the fortunate result that sympathy is not even weakened by the considerable amount of law and finance which is introduced into the story. This is, indeed, the weak spot. One of the lawyers in the piece expounds a theory that in everything and everybody there is a weak spot—and he is correct as regards his own creator. Legal complications form Mr. Carr's weak spot. It seems to us that he should explain either more or less.

Much of the merit which attaches to Mr. Carr's play, in spite of the drawbacks on which we have commented, is due to the dialogue. This is unfaughingly fresh, quaint, and humorous. There are possibly not many passages which could be quoted as examples of exceptional wit or peculiarly pungent satire; but the conversation in the lighter scenes is always bright and pointed. "All the virgin freshness of an unwritten poem" strikes us as a happy simile for something that is very fresh indeed; and a smile is provoked by Nina's playful comment on her father's excuse that something had escaped his memory, "Your memory, dad, is a sure refuge for everything that wants to escape." One of the very few errors of taste in the play is Nina's remark to her father, when he is deploring the losses incurred by his speculations, "Ferrars will always be enough for me." It is not pleasant to hear a girl thus placidly anticipate the state of affairs that will arise at her father's death, and comment on it thus to him; moreover, the line is out of place in the mouth of the generous, tender-hearted Nina. The character of Nina is played by Miss Marion Terry with delightful refinement and sensibility. We are not sure that even to please her father such a girl as Nina would have engaged herself to such a man as Reginald Earle; but so the story goes. Miss Terry shows with rare feeling the depth and delicacy of Nina's love for Edward Hamilton, as her cousin, the real heir, Edward Ferrars, calls himself, when he comes to Ferrars to seek forgiveness for the cruel wrong done by his father. On this wrong the plot hinges, for he it was who persuaded Sir Edward that the husband of the woman he desires to marry was dead, the consequence being a bigamous marriage, and the illegitimacy of Nina. Mr. Alexander has, we may suspect, been specially fitted by Mr. Carr, so completely does the part of Edward Ferrars exhibit his gift of winning sympathy for one who is deeply wronged, and who yet remains content to suffer in silence, lest the speech which would so amply vindicate himself should bring humiliation and pain to the woman he unselfishly loves. Such a personage must of necessity stir the emotions of an audience, and no one plays characters of the sort so well as Mr. Alexander. Mr. Nutcombe Gould is also to be commended for his well-considered performance of Sir Edward; and other parts are suitably presented. Probably by this time Mr. Comyns Carr has modified, or further elucidated, some of the legal passages, and this is the one thing necessary to be done.

The dramatic methods of Mr. Haddon Chambers, as seen in his plays *Captain Swift* and *The Idler*, have been ingenious, but somewhat crude. He has sought to gain effect by abrupt contrast. In both these pieces, for instance, we find one familiar theatrical device—the introduction into society of a plausible villain with secrets the revelation of which would bring about his destruction; an idea that has done service to many generations of playwrights. In *The Honourable Herbert*, which has lately been given at the Vaudeville, much of the dexterity that was found in Mr. Chambers's previous pieces is perceptible, and crudeness is scarcely a charge which we should bring against it; but the work has a sketchy and unfinished air about it. The author is too sensible to disregard the aid of a story, and he has chosen one to which no exception can be taken on the ground of any improbability. Excellent wives have husbands who deceive them and revive old intrigues, as Herbert Doring does in this play, and the character has such advantage as is derived from absolute truth to life; for such a woman as Mrs. Doring is quite conceiv-

able in all her changing moods of wrath, forgiveness, pity, indignation, and love. Perhaps she would be less a true woman if she were more resolute. So, too, Doring himself may almost be described as a type. He loves his wife, but his nature is poor and weak; love does not control it; there is not sufficient depth in the affection he can feel to save him from unfaithfulness, and he feebly yields to the passing inclination to resume with Florrie Summers those relations which ought never to have existed, and most especially should have been finally abandoned when he married.

But we have before now advanced the doctrine that what is true to life is not necessarily dramatic. Mr. Chambers's work is too thin, too full of minutiae; broader and firmer outlines are indispensable if a play is to be made really impressive. The emotions of Mrs. Doring are more suitable for analysis in a novel than for exhibition within the brief limits of a play. The axiom might be laid down that an undecided person is an undramatic person. The best character in the piece is that of Philip Tenby, and it is remarkably well acted by Mr. Arthur Elwood, who contrives, with quiet force, to indicate the strength of Tenby's love for his friend's wife, and the sincerity of his repentance for the half-declaration into which he permits himself to be betrayed. In this scene Miss Dorothy Dorr, as the wife, also acquires herself with excellent judgment; indeed, she plays throughout with taste and sensibility. Miss Ella Banister has hitherto done nothing so well as her Florrie Summers, a character ably conceived by the author and cleverly realized. Other girls no better than she is have been married, and she resents their success and envies their lot. She sees them, "driving in the Park, looking like princesses, and cutting their old friends. There are lots of old friends I should like to cut," she naively adds, her complaint having been of her old friends' haughtiness. Mr. Thorne fills the part of an American, Mrs. Doring's father, who persists in speaking of his son-in-law as the "Honourable Herbert," though warned that this is contrary to usage. Pym Brady, as he is called, is an agreeable personage, but he has little to do with the story. A pair of youthful lovers are neatly played by Mr. Sydney Brough and Miss Mary Collette; and there is ability in Miss Gertrude Warden's sketch of Lady Highfield, a friend of Mrs. Doring's.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE large amount of new shipping constructed in the year just ended is one of the most remarkable experiences of a remarkable year. It will be in the recollection of our readers that up to the end of 1887 there was great depression in the shipbuilding trade for some years. Previously construction had been entirely overdone. Freight rates fell so low that large numbers of ships had to be laid up in dock, and the prices of vessels fell almost to unheard-of quotations. Towards the close of 1887, however, there was a sharp recovery in freights, and during 1888, 1889, and 1890 our shipbuilding yards were busily engaged, and an immense number of new vessels was turned out. It was generally supposed that there would be a very marked falling off last year, partly because of the Baring crisis and the distrust which it left behind at home and abroad, but mainly because of the great additions that had been made to the world's mercantile marine during the preceding three years and the consequent fall in freights. As a matter of fact, however, the new construction in the year just ended was slightly greater than in 1890. In the whole United Kingdom there were 1,273,784 tons of new vessels built against 1,271,110 tons in 1890, and 1,300,983 tons in 1889. It will be seen, as just stated, that the new tonnage constructed was slightly greater last year than in 1890, and was not very much less than in 1889, when trade was so exceptionally good and when freights were still remunerative. It should be pointed out, however, that Government shipping accounts to a considerable extent for the increase last year. Thus, at the Government dockyards there were 68,100 tons of new ships built last year against 22,520 tons in 1890. The new construction was thus in Government dockyards three times as much as in 1890; and in private yards there was also a marked increase in the construction for Government. It follows that the additions made to the mercantile marine last year were not so great as at first sight they appear to be. Another circumstance worthy of note is, that there was a slight falling off in the construction in Scotland, and that in England also, with the exception of Barrow, there was a decline. On the Tyne, on the Wear, and on the Tees the tonnage turned out was smaller than in 1890; but at Barrow there were 31,444 tons of new vessels built last year against 24,665 tons in the year before. There was a still more marked increase at Belfast. The new tonnage last year was 92,429 tons against 66,783 tons in 1890, an increase, it will be seen, of very nearly 50 per cent. One other point to be noted is that the number of sailing vessels built last

year was exceptionally large. Perhaps even more remarkable than the increase just quoted is the fact that, after four years of such large construction, new orders are reported to have been lately placed in large numbers, and it would seem that very great activity will continue during the new year. It is much to be feared that speculation is playing an undue and mischievous part in this increase to our shipping. No doubt the weather recently has been very bad, and there has been much loss of vessels and much damage done. No doubt, also, the competition between shipowners is so keen that the great Companies find it necessary to add to their fleets new vessels of the latest type and the greatest speed, so as to be able to retain their business. But, making allowance for all that, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the very low prices which have ruled during the past year have tempted capitalists to place orders speculatively, in the hope that confidence may revive, that trade once more may expand, and that then a better demand for shipping may spring up. As a matter of course, shipbuilders are anxious to keep their yards open, and to keep their staffs together. The circumstances must be very unfavourable indeed in which they would consent to suspend work altogether; therefore shipbuilders are only too ready to take risk when they find capitalists inclined to speculate upon a new demand. But if speculation is carried too far, it is almost inevitable that there must be a reaction; freights will fall lower, ships will have to be laid up, and the state of the trade will become as bad as it was in the three or four years preceding 1888. No doubt the United States are now very prosperous, and the great stimulus given to American trade may increase the employment for shipping, and may postpone a crisis. But apart from the United States there is little ground for hoping for an increased demand elsewhere, and it would be wise, therefore, on the part of all concerned not to incur further large risks.

The money market has again been very active and firm this week. The Stock Exchange settlement began on Monday and ended on Wednesday afternoon, and though speculation has not as yet very greatly increased, still the demand for loans, comparatively slight as it was, had an effect upon the market. Then Thursday was the last day of the year, when the joint-stock banks make up their accounts; and as they were all anxious to make it appear that they keep large reserves, they have not only been lending less liberally than usual this week, but have been calling in loans. Furthermore, the India Council, which is usually a large lender, has been calling in money for the interests and dividends payable at the beginning of the year. Over and above all that, a large amount of gold has been withdrawn this week for Russia, Germany, and South America. It has been known for some little time past that a considerable amount would go to Germany, but it has also been known that the demand would cease so soon as the year ended, and consequently the German demand, if it stood alone, would have had no very great influence upon the market. The South American demand, again, is not important; the Russian demand is less easily measured. Nobody understands why the Russian Government should take gold from Western Europe to St. Petersburg. One would suppose that, as it has to pay for food, for interest, for war and railway material, and the like, it would need all the money it has at its disposal, while at home it pays for everything in paper-money. Perhaps the explanation is that it is trying to bolster up its credit by manipulating the Bourses of Berlin and Paris. The demand for money, therefore, from Monday morning to Thursday evening was very strong, and during the last couple of days a good business was done at the Bank of England, which at first charged 4 per cent., but afterwards 5 per cent.

The silver market remains quiet. There are some rumours that we are about to see a strong speculative attempt made to put up the price; it remains to be seen whether it will be successful for any length of time.

The two days immediately preceding Christmas witnessed a very active rise in all securities upon the New York Stock Exchange. The amount of business done was very large, and almost in every case there was a considerable advance in quotations. Here in London operators were afraid to increase their risks when the Stock Exchange would be closed for three days in succession; but in New York, though the same was the case, operators were so confident that they bought on an immense scale. On Monday business began here very actively, and there was a general rise. In New York, also, the amount of business done was very large, and a further advance took place. But on Tuesday a check was given in London by the rise in the value of money. Everybody recognizes that the stringency is temporary, and that next month there will certainly be great ease in the market, unless, indeed, there should suddenly spring up a large American demand for gold, which does not now seem probable. But at the moment rates were very stiff. For instance, late in the day on Monday as much as 6 and sometimes 6½ per cent. was charged for carrying over to speculators who had not been prompt in

settling their accounts in the early morning. There was some falling off, too, in New York, and on Wednesday again business was quiet in London. Still, the market was very firm for all that, and an inclination was shown to buy wherever any fall in prices occurred. The probability would seem to be, therefore, that next week we shall see a more active speculation in the American department than has been witnessed for some time past. Indeed, on Thursday there was again in New York. In international securities very little is doing in London or, indeed, has been doing for a length of time. The Continental Bourses have been fairly well maintained—much better than seemed probable a little while ago—and the home market is steady.

Although the money market has been disturbed during the week, the dividends have not yet been paid, and holiday-making is still going on, sound investment securities have been very steady. Consols have scarcely changed, and, generally speaking, Indian and Colonial securities show little alteration; but Home Railway stocks have nearly all advanced during the week. London and North-Western closed on Thursday afternoon at 174½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as ¾. Midland closed at 163½, also a rise of ¾; Caledonian Undivided closed at 123, a rise of ½; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 110, a rise of ½, and Great Western closed at 159½, a rise of ¾. In the American market there has been an almost general advance. Turning in the first place to investment securities, we find an exception in the case of New York Central shares. The Company for several years has been in the habit of paying a dividend of 1 per cent. every quarter, making 4 per cent. per annum. It was understood, however, that this week an extra 1 per cent. would be announced, because the Company has done so well. Instead, however, a regular dividend of 1½ per cent. was declared, with a bonus of ¼ per cent., making only 1¾ per cent. The market was entirely disappointed, and the shares fell; they closed on Thursday afternoon at 121½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1. On the other hand, Pennsylvania shares closed on Thursday at 58½, a rise of ½; Louisville and Nashville closed at 86½, a rise of ¾. In the purely speculative securities the advance, however, has generally been more considerable. Thus Denver Preference shares closed at 50, a rise of 3. There is a rumour that the Company will soon resume the payment of dividends on these shares. Denver Ordinary shares closed on Thursday at 19, a rise of 1½; Erie shares closed at 35, also a rise of 1½; and Union Pacific shares closed at 49, a rise of 2½. It will be borne in mind, however, that these shares—Denver, Erie, and Union Pacific—are too speculative for the investor proper. Argentine securities generally have likewise recovered during the week. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 62½–63½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½, and the Funding Loan closed at 54½–55½, a rise of 1. In Argentine Railway stocks, too, there has generally been a recovery. Central Argentine closed at 43–6, a rise of 1. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 63–6, a rise of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 118–120, a rise of 4. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 65–6, a rise of ½; and the Four per Cents closed at 61–2, also a rise of ½. On the other hand, inter-Bourse securities have nearly all given way. Thus, Spanish bonds, in spite of the success of the new loan, on Thursday closed at 64½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3; Portuguese closed at 32½, a fall of 1½; Hungarian closed at 92½, a fall of 1½; Russian Fours closed at 94½, a fall of 1½; and Italian closed at 91, a fall of ½.

VENICE.

THERE was certainly a flash of genius in Mr. Imre Kiralfy's idea of literally bringing Venice to London; but what is more to the point is that he has realized it in a most satisfactory manner. Olympia is the last place in the world where average mortals would have thought it possible to cross the Rialto, and study the immortal beauties of the Piazzetta. Yet here they are almost "as large as life and as natural." The arena flooded with water has been converted into the Grand Canal, where we behold the Venice of Titian and Shakespeare in all her glory. Never has there been seen this side the glimpses of the moon more magnificent a pageant. Interwoven into various historical events, such as the triumphant return of Vittorio Pisani after the defeat of the Genoese, and the embarkation of Valentina Visconti, Queen of Cyprus, are the romantic episodes of the *Merchant of Venice*. Antonio, Bassanio, Lorenzo, Gratiano, and Shylock enact in pantomime their parts, whilst Portia, Jessica, and Nerissa appear from time to time to add

"female interest" to the scene. It is rather difficult to follow, on so vast a stage, those picturesque personages, as they go through the various scenes of the famous drama; suffice to say that they manage to link them together in a fairly intelligible manner, and even if Ser Giovanni and Shakspeare make no special mention of Portia and her fair attendant as being present at the poetical ceremony of the annual marriage of Venice to the Adriatic, there is every probability that they often witnessed this pageant, which is reproduced at Olympia with such vivid magnificence. The "Aquatic Carnival" is a realization of a description from the diary of Sanudo. Not only is the Piazzetta a blaze of animated colour, but soon the water itself is alive with merry-makers. Gondolas, gaily bedecked with brocades and flowers, cross each other; the gorgeous Bucentaur glides along, whilst from its prow the Doge drops the wedding ring so often mentioned in song and legend. But the closing scene is, if anything, the most beautiful. This represents the terrace of Portia's Palace at Belmont. Here she rejects the Prince of Morocco and chooses Bassanio as her mate; and, in order to celebrate her wedding and the victory of Vittorio Pisani at one and the same time, the charming heiress organizes a revel worthy of Venice in her palmiest days. Some eight hundred admirably costumed coryphæes take part in this remarkable spectacle, and, to their credit, they really seem to enjoy and to take genuine interest in all they do. This unique "show," the biggest probably ever organized, is well worth seeing, not once, but many times; and yet, magnificent as it is, we do not believe it in the least degree exaggerates the sumptuous glories of a Venetian *festa* in the good old times. If with slightly aching eyes, seeking relief from the singular pageants we have briefly described, we take a gondola—at Olympia, if you please—and, guided by a real Venetian gondolier, pass into the narrow Calle and Piazzette, we behold on all sides evidences of a resurrection, so to speak, of "the Adriatic's faded Queen." The delightful houses, with their Arabesque windows, their little shrines with holy images in them, their green "véniennes," through which we hear snatches of song and laughter, reflect themselves in the canals with effective realism. The narrow Calle and the little Piazzette are reproduced to the life, and are as full of Southern animation as if, instead of being in London, they really led by one way or another to that Square of St. Mark's which Lady Morgan justly called "a miraculous thing of beauty." Italian gendarmes in full uniform, with lisping Venetian accent, show you the way. The open shops are full of pretty things. On the Rialto you can buy costly brocades and quaint bronze-work. Filagree and photographs are to be purchased in the Piazza Margherita. The café, with its chairs and tables, opens on to a canal picturesque enough to satisfy Mr. Ruskin himself. Glimpses of admirably painted views of Venice are to be met with in every direction, which show us the tall steeples and the palaces rising out of the deep blue sea.

But, before bidding farewell to this dreamlike place, we must pay a visit to Signor Salviati's furnace, one of the most curious sights now in London. It is on an immense scale, and it is interesting in the extreme to watch the artists moulding into form, with the aid of long red-hot pokers, those fantastic and fairy-like vases and candelabra which, thanks to the energy of the late Commendatore Salviati, are popular throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. To see the glass blown into a thousand fantastic forms, and to watch it being shaped into flowers, snakes, sea-horses, dragons, and butterflies, and then put together and converted into an exquisite tazza, is positively fascinating. The workmen are all of them trained artists, some of them being wealthy men owning houses and lands. They have to face one terrible drawback. When they attain middle age their sight is invariably impaired, if not entirely lost, owing to the glare of the furnaces. No remedy for this sad fate has yet been discovered, and hence their immense wage and rapidly acquired fortunes. In Dr. Salviati's studio hard by will be seen some splendid specimens of Murano glass dating from the thirteenth century, and some gilt modern glass of novel and artistic effect.

THE WEATHER.

THE frost has come and gone, at least for the present. We dare not even hope that we have done with fogs for this winter, and must only rest thankful with our present respite from so-called "seasonable" weather. The shortest day is over, and we have been spared much of the usual December darkness; for when there has been no fog, ample daylight has been available in London until 4 P.M. The actual amount of sunshine registered in December up to Christmas Day was 31 hours at Kew, 20 hours at Westminster, and 5 hours in the City—a considerable improvement on the record for December 1890, which was an absolute blank. The fog itself was very severe,

but not equal to the famous Cattle Show fog of December 1873. On Tuesday, December 22, the coldest place in these islands was York, where the thermometer did not rise above 20° all day. Wednesday and Thursday showed little change here. The anticyclone still lay over us, the region of greatest cold being Yorkshire; no rain was reported at any station in these islands. Approaching change was, however, indicated on Thursday morning, for the thermometer had risen briskly in the south of France. On Thursday evening the wave of heat reached our south coasts, and the thaw began at Jersey and Prawle Point near the Start, where the thermometer had risen several degrees since the morning. On Christmas morning all the stations in the south and south-west, except Scilly, showed a rise of over ten degrees, the barometer meanwhile having been falling steadily at all stations. During the day the change made further progress, and Saturday's chart shows an ordinary winter type of distribution of pressure, the anticyclone lying over southern Germany, and the isobar for 29.1 in. just skirting the north of Ireland and west of Scotland. The changes of temperature reported that morning were very great. Cambridge was 22° warmer than on the previous morning; and at three stations—York, Loughborough, and London—the change was 20°; while at seventeen other stations it exceeded 10°, the thermometers in the west having risen to over 50° during the day. On Christmas Day there was the phenomenon of a "glazed frost" in London—a smart shower of rain fell, and the drops froze as they touched the earth, objects became coated with ice, and locomotion was naturally impeded thereby. Rain set in on Friday in the west, but was heavy only in the south-west of Ireland. On Saturday it became more general, and at all the western stations the temperature of 50° was again registered. Since that date we have had the normal conditions of open winter weather. Depressions have reached the Irish coast from the Atlantic, and have skirted it, passing northwards, and producing for us general south-west winds and rain. In fact, on Sunday and Monday rain was recorded at every British station. On Sunday night thunderstorms were reported very generally in the west, and on Monday night south-westerly gales swept over Scotland. The changes in temperature have been sharp and sudden since Christmas Day. As the depression which brought on the thaw passed away, the wind veered to north-west, the barometer rose, and the thermometer fell again. Last Monday's storm brought a fresh access of warmth, and for the last three nights the thermometer has hardly fallen to the freezing-point "in the shade" anywhere, though, of course, there have been hoar-frosts on the grass. Some idea of the mildness of recent weather may be gathered from the fact that during Tuesday and Wednesday the thermometer in the Channel Islands and at Prawle Point did not fall below 50°.

EXHIBITIONS.

A SMALL, but very attractive, collection of French easel-pictures is now on view at Mr. Collie's rooms, 39 B Old Bond Street. In the present curiosity regarding the work of Degas, it is of special interest to note that here are seven fine examples of that remarkable master. They are of unequal value. Perhaps the finest is "Chevaux de Courses" (18), which represents a parade of seven jockeys on their horses just before the beginning of the race. The solidity and truth of this composition are extraordinary. "Après le Bain" (16) is one of Degas's rare studies from the nude, valuable in its perfectly unposed and unaffected fidelity to life, but of a distressing ugliness. In "Chez la Modiste" (19) a young girl is trying on a bonnet before a pier-glass; the shopwoman, patient and indifferent, her figure cut in half by the hard line of the mirror, stands and waits. "Femme assise à une Fenêtre" (21) is little more than a large silhouette. Two of the subjects by which Degas is best known—scenes from the daily training of a ballet-girl in the dancing-school—are "Une Danseuse" (17) and "La Répétition" (20), amazing in the force with which they present to us the truth regarding this artificial kind of life. All these pictures, strange as some of them are, serve to explain the fascination which Degas exercises over a certain class of artists.

An interest which lies quite apart from their rarity attaches to the paintings of that singular being, Adolphe Monticelli, whose reputation has been steadily rising since his death in 1886. The peculiarities of this Watteau gone crazy were never more apparent than in "L'Automne" (14), a riot of bad drawing, bad composition, bad painting, redeemed by a certain vivid and light brilliancy, which cannot be gainsaid. But the Monticelli whom connoisseurs love is to be found in the "Paysage" (8), trees on a hillside against the sky, with six figures standing or lying on the grass; here the colour is sumptuous, and the sense of atmosphere exquisite. Queer and uncomfortable, yet not without genuine charm of colour, is "Souvenir d'Ecosse" (10), a memory of the

land of Robbie Burns, which not a son of Scotland would recognize; it is more like Montenegro, with a group of happy peasants sporting fustinas. Of an obscure Romanticist, A. L. Hervier, whose genre-scenes have scarcely been seen in England before, there are three small examples here, and two very powerful still-life studies by Ribot, one (13) of a black earthenware pot, with high lights upon it. Two very pleasant Corots, "Coucher de Soleil" (7) and "Le Village de Flesselles" (12), deserve particular notice, and a landscape by Daubigny. By the Impressionist Monet is an "Effet de Neige" (6), a delicate landscape of snowy fields, faintly tinted with lilac light of early morning, with, in the background, the church-tower and the roofs of a small town. In the vestibule of Mr. Collie's gallery, we find the original chalk drawing for Millet's famous picture "Le Semeur" (23).

In Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons' Galleries, 5 and 6 Haymarket, Mr. Thomas Blinks has brought together more than forty of his English sporting pictures, under the general title of "Field, Turf, and Cover." It is some years now since, in these columns, we drew attention to the surprising merit of a study of fox-hounds breaking over a hedge, which was exhibited in the Dudley Gallery by a new artist. That artist, Mr. Blinks, has since then become prominent as our best painter of hounds, and has gained great proficiency as a sporting artist. There is so great a charm of association about these scenes from our noble national amusement, they suggest so delightfully the early morning air, the rattling tear across country, the excitement of the finish, that it is hard to criticize them in cold blood. But we think that the truth about Mr. Blinks is this, that he is a fine artist so long as he has dogs, and in particular hounds, to deal with, but that his landscapes and his men display the amateur. He might learn a good deal from M. Degas as to the impression left on the retina by the figure of a man in scarlet and white crossing a green background, and he might return to think his own huntsman and whips rather feebly modelled. But he is the unsurpassed portrait-painter of the fox-hound, especially when the latter is leaping or running, with his large paws well to front, and his supple body undulating. An interesting incident is "Ware Away" (17), the whip forcing the pack to refrain from following the fox over a chalk cliff. But, for ourselves, if we were invited to select one of Mr. Blinks's pictures to live with, it would not be an ambitious composition that we should choose, but a study of one or two hounds, such, for instance, as the altogether admirable and delightful "Breaking Cover" (41).

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY far the most striking feature of the Drury Lane pantomime, *Humpty Dumpty*, is the Dolls at Home, almost at the beginning of the entertainment. In this important scene Mr. P. Caney has quite realized one of Hans Christian Andersen's weird descriptions of Toy-land. The living dolls who attend this quaintest of receptions behave admirably. They are delightfully stiff and expressionless, and their joints crack audibly. How they do it is and must remain a mystery; but never before have we seen human beings so perfectly drilled to appear mechanical and vacuous. Every sort of doll is represented. Here is the *grand dame* doll from Cramer's in all her costly finery, and there—most welcome of all dolls, not excepting Chinese and Japanese dolls and pliable dolls of gutta-percha—is the wonderful wooden doll of our childhood who came into this world with her hair beautifully done up in the latest fashion, and gold earrings pendant from her half-developed ears. When all these dolls are assembled they present a delightful example of proper deportment. Their smiles are bland, and their conduct well-bred to a degree rarely obtainable even at a Royal Drawing-room. The Sphinx is not more inscrutable than a penny doll, and the Drury Lane dolls know the fact, and never forget it. They are very great artists one and all. When the dolls have retired there is another wonderful scene, in which we behold fairies bedecked with flowers, the chalices of which are brightened with electric lights, dancing in an orange-grove by moonlight. Then comes the Procession of Nations—a superb pageant—the costuming of which reflects the highest credit on the artistic taste of Mr. Percy Anderson. The transformation scene is the most daintily artistic we have seen for a very long time; and, moreover, it depends on its own merits of design and colour, and not at all on the aid of gorgeous coryphées. Half a dozen radiant nymphs rise from a classical fountain, full of real water, and ascend into the opaline sky above, whence they let fall bands of glittering tissue. There is plenty of music-hall foolery in this pantomime, but very little wit or boisterous fun. Mr. Harry Nicholls would have done better had he acted in the piece, instead of writing it, for his rollicking humour is greatly missed. Mr. Herbert Campbell is as usual very amusing, and

Mr. Dan Leno is a capital queen. Little Tich, a veritable imp, with the wizened face of a fiendish old man and the body of a boy, is the Yellow Dwarf. He made the success of the evening. Miss Fanny Leslie is a graceful Prince, and Miss Marie Lloyd a lovely Princess. Miss Mabel Love danced an exquisite gavotte. A shout which fairly shook the roof of old Drury welcomed back Mr. Harry Payne as clown—a clown with all the traditions of Grimaldi. We were charmed to note that Columbine wore the right costume, as Callot has etched it. In his day she was called Franceschina, and only changed her name to Columbine in the first decade of the eighteenth century. Taking it for all in all, the Drury Lane pantomime is a wondrous sight. This time we think Sir Augustus Harris has paid greater attention to tradition than usual. The double harlequinade is excellent, and there is plenty of it.

Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime at the Crystal Palace is founded on *The Forty Thieves*. The book, which is a witty one, is by Mr. Horace Lennard, and he has followed closely the renowned legend. Puns abound—the worst being where the Forty bandits are advised to take possession of everybody's purse. This pantomime, however, like its colossal rival at Drury Lane, can boast a lavish display of gorgeous scenery, dazzling processions, and graceful dances.

Pantomime reigns supreme at the Grand, with *Whittington and his Cat*, and it is very funny indeed. If anything, it is the most political entertainment of the sort now in London, for it is full of allusions to current events and slightly Radical in its tendency. However, the Islington audience is evidently well pleased with the approaching Royal marriage.

The Surrey pantomime deals with the fortunes of the *Fair One with the Golden Locks*. As a Surrey audience is distinctly old-fashioned in its tastes, and Mr. George Conquest knows perfectly well how to cater for it, his pantomime is the nearest approach to the genuine article, as it was in the days of our grandfathers, of any now to be seen in London. The harlequinade, which is led up to by a tasteful transformation scene, occupies a good half of the evening, and is very lively and droll. Of almost equal merit is *Little Bo-Peep*, at the Elephant and Castle; although, to be sure, the charming idyl is so distorted that only the most learned in nursery folklore can distinguish the original thread of the narrative as it twists and twirls through a very maze of extraneous matter borrowed from other famous chronicles.

Cinderella, at the Novelty, is a pretty children's pantomime; and praise is due to *Robinson Crusoe* at the Standard. Mrs. Lane, at the Britannia, has selected *The Bogie Man* as the hero of her elaborate pantomime, which is staged to admiration on a stage inferior to none in Europe, let alone in London. People who have never been to the Britannia have no idea of the magnificence of the theatre, or of the lavish manner in which its manageress mounts her pieces. As a spectacle *The Bogie Man* is only a little inferior to the Drury Lane pantomime. The harlequinade is of the good old-fashioned order, and Little Levite is an excellent clown *de la haute école*. All the other outlying theatres—and they are much more numerous than is generally known—are giving elaborate pantomimes, proving how strong is the popular affection for this class of piece.

It is impossible to conceive a worse burlesque than *Cinder-ElLEN* at the Gaiety, for it burlesques nothing, not even the pretty story that its name recalls. Destitute of plot, of fun, of wit, it meanders through the evening, saved only from premature collapse by the inextinguishable vivacity and "go" of Mr. Fred Leslie. On his shoulders rests the entire structure, and we are bound to admit that he is really amusing and has never appeared to greater advantage, possibly on account of his feeble surroundings. His songs and his dances, his imitations and his jokes, are irresistible, and carry the deadweight of the piece along with astounding ease. Had he hesitated for a moment, the piece would have fallen flat, and have never been heard of again. One regrets that Mr. Leslie has not had better material to work with. Mr. E. J. Lonnen even cannot be funny in this poor play, in which, when he is not supposed to be drunk, he is trying to play on a violin with a mechanical neck, which shoots out a yard or so every time he attempts to draw the bow across the chords. Mr. Arthur Williams has only to wander aimlessly about the stage and ask the "way to the bar." Miss Kate James tried as the Prince to efface memories of the absent Miss Nellie Farren, and, to her credit, succeeded. She was as bright and graceful as possible, and sang, moreover, very prettily. The walking ladies, whose presence is a *sine quâ non* of a Gaiety burlesque, wore gorgeous clothes, but, like Solomon's lilies, did nothing more than wear them. The costumes are superb and the scenery pretty. The music is not particularly lively, and *Joan of Arc* is still without a rival.

When *Orfeo* was produced at the Empire, we imagined it was impossible to surpass it in refinement. *Nesita*, Mme. Katti-

Lanner's latest ballet, is, however, if anything, more graceful than its predecessor. The second scene, with the large cascade of real water filling the whole back of the stage, is one of the most beautiful imaginable. Never have dancers been more discreetly or more tastefully draped. They look for the world like those muses that Guido has immortalized in the Aurora which is still the chief attraction of the Rospiglioso Palace. Mr. Wenzel's music is delightfully graceful and appropriate. The principal dancers are the Signora Palladino and the Signora Malvina Cavallazzi.

Mr. Alfred Cellier, whose sad death occurred early in the week in his forty-seventh year, was a notable musician, to whom popularity, however, came rather late in a career which began more than twenty years ago. In 1877 he came prominently before the public as conductor at the Opéra Comique at the time of the first success of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. His earliest attempt at light opera was a musical sketch entitled *Charity Begins at Home*. But his greatest success was, of course, *Dorothy*, which was originally a failure, but, when properly staged and well sung on its revival, under the management of Mr. Sedger at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, made both fame and fortune for its composer, albeit the most popular song in the opera, "Queen of My Heart," is by Miss Hope Temple. At the time of his sudden death Mr. Cellier was busy rehearsing his new opera, *The Mountebanks*, the libretto of which is by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and which will be produced at the Lyric on Monday next. Mr. Cellier's music, although not of the most serious kind, was invariably graceful and melodious.

REVIEWS.

PIKE'S YEAR-BOOKS OF EDWARD III.*

WHETHER the general standard of human virtue and competence has increased or not, we certainly do some things better than our ancestors. If we compare these fourteenth-century law reports as edited by Mr. Pike with the so-called "corrected and amended" edition of other Year-Books of the same reign published in 1679, we can soon satisfy ourselves that the difference between Mr. Pike and his predecessors is simply the difference between very good and very bad work. Mr. Pike not only gives us the Anglo-French original in a text carefully edited from the MSS. and accompanied by an English translation, but elucidates or corrects the reports, where necessary, by reference to the rolls of the Courts themselves; and he identifies those cases, a pretty large number, which are cited in Fitzherbert's *Abridgment*, and which before the publication of the present edition were accessible only in that way. In short, he makes the book as convenient to use as the old Year-Books are inconvenient. In this volume, moreover, Mr. Pike's introduction contains a material contribution to a vexed point of English mediæval antiquity; it is not too much to say that he has put the matter on a new footing.

The subject of Mr. Pike's discussion is the fine called *merchet*; a fine payable by a tenant of villein lands to the lord for the marriage of a daughter, frequently also of a son, sometimes (as in a case reported in this volume) of a sister. It is often associated in manorial inquests and customals with similar restrictions on selling beasts, occasionally with restriction upon causing a son to be ordained. A typical full form, as expressed in a statement of the tenant's services, would be "Non potest filium aut filiam maritare nec filium facere clericum (or the equivalent "coronare") nec pullum aut bovem masculum vendere sine licentia domini." The word *merchetum* occurs, we think, oftener in a narrative of arguments or evidence than in a formal statement of customs. Mr. Pike shows by examples that the custom, though it was a local custom in every case (as indeed it could not be pleaded otherwise), and varied more or less in detail, may be found in every part of England. Also liability to this fine was as incompatible with free tenure as a general liability to be taxed at the lord's will or to perform unlimited services. It was otherwise in Scotland, where the "Regiam majestatem" declared *mar-cheta* to be payable on a fixed scale, according to rank, by tenants of free and even noble condition. But for England the legal authorities are quite clear as to the servile character. "None ought to make such fine but only villeins," says Littleton; and there was some doubt whether it was not an incident of personal servitude rather than a burden attached to the land. According to Bracton a free man who held villein land, as a free man might and not unfrequently did without loss of personal freedom, could not of right be called on to pay *merchet*. But the language suggests that sometimes it was in fact demanded and paid in such cases, and in and after the reign of Edward III. the opinion seems to have prevailed that if a free man chose to take villein land he must take it with all incidents of the tenure, although he was free to leave it. Conversely, payment of *merchet*

did not prove that the tenant paying it was personally unfree. Late in the thirteenth century we even find that persons bearing the surname of Freeman paid *merchet* to the abbot of Ramsey; see the Selden Society's *Select Pleas in Manorial &c. Courts*, vol. i. p. 94, and Mr. Maitland's note there. And Mr. Vinogradoff gives examples of free socmen paying *merchet* in his book, just published, on *Villainage in England*. On the whole, as Mr. Pike sums it up, "payment to the lord for marriage in England, whether by the persons marrying, or by a father for his son or daughter, or by a brother for his sister, was a mark of servile tenure, though not necessarily of servile condition."

Such are the material facts, about which there is no doubt. For anything that appears, the lawyers of the fifteenth or the thirteenth century knew no more about the origin of the custom, or the derivation of the word *merchetum*, than we do; nor was there any reason why they should.

It seems clear enough that the fine was supposed to be a compensation to the lord for being deprived of the services of a bondman or bondwoman, just as selling a colt or a bull-calf may deprive the lord's land of stock. In the case, not unfrequently included, of causing a son to be ordained, no other explanation seems possible. As for the connexion of *merchet* with the supposed *droit du seigneur* of a remote antiquity, and the still more fanciful reference of the custom of borough-English to the same origin, Mr. Pike (agreeing herein with that excellent Scottish antiquary the late Mr. Cosmo Innes) mentions them only to dismiss the whole thing as fabulous. Even if a *jus prime noctis* had ever really existed in Britain, of which there is no evidence, it would not account for a fine being payable on the marriage of a son. There remain, however, some difficult questions to be cleared up. It is obvious that the lord does not always lose the service of the person married, but only when he or she marries out of his jurisdiction, contracts, so to speak, a foreign marriage. Can we find anything to show that the custom was once limited to such cases? and can we find in the same direction anything that may help us to the origin of the word *merchet* itself? Now Mr. Pike cites customs from several parts of England which require a fine only for marriage outside the township, or sometimes outside the hundred or the lord's fee. And this answers exactly to a custom well known on the Continent as *foris-maritagium*, in French *formariage*. Nothing seems wanting to identify the English and the Continental customs but examples from England of the custom in a state of transition, dealing with marriages both within and without the lordship, but making some difference in favour of the former. And such examples are forthcoming. Mr. Pike finds one in the Hundred Rolls at Spaldwick in Huntingdonshire. The men of Spaldwick paid a fine of twenty pence to the lord for a daughter's marriage within the lordship, but an arbitrary fine for marriage outside it. Other cases of the same kind are mentioned by Mr. Vinogradoff. We think then that *merchet* may well be held to have been originally a tax upon extraneous marriage, though it would be rash to say that is the only origin. Mr. Vinogradoff suggests that the mediæval *merchet* may have been a fusion of several customs belonging by origin to different periods and social systems; and this is certainly possible. But it is much if we can fix the leading origin. Mr. Pike then goes on to conjecture that the word itself may be derived from *meare*, a mark or march, boundary. *Marchet* or *merchet* would thus be simply a "mark-fine" payable for marriage *extra marcam*. Further, we would suggest, in order to complete Mr. Pike's account of the word, that the latter half of it may be nothing else than the familiar *scot* ("scot" or "shot" in modern English) of *ciric-scot* and other similar compounds. In Fleta and in a document cited in Schmid's glossary to the Anglo-Saxon laws we actually find a corrupt form *churcheset* or *chicheset*. The relation of this form to *ciric-scot* would almost justify us in regarding *merchet* as a corruption, whether first in English or in Latin, of *meare-scot*. But we are bound to admit that the proper analogous form would be not *merchet* but *mercheset*. The disappearance of the *s* is very troublesome to account for; and we can put forward our conjecture only subject to this doubt. As in any case we have no early English form of the word at all, the non-occurrence of *meare-scot* in our Anglo-Saxon texts proves nothing.

The only competing etymology that can make any serious pretensions is the Celtic one from *merched*, "the plural of *merch*, a girl, maid, or daughter." There is authority, though not much of it, for the phrase *gwabr merched*, literally *finis puellarum*, having been used in Wales and the Welsh borders to signify a fine paid on the marriage of daughters. But Mr. Pike, who is a Cymric scholar, tells us that in the Welsh laws the usual term most nearly corresponding to "merchet" is not *gwabr merched* or any such phrase, but *amobyrr*, and also that it has no special relation to servile condition or tenure. In order to support the Celtic derivation, therefore, we must assume not only that there was a universal custom of Celtic Britain, called by the same name everywhere, which preserved its Celtic name all through the times of Roman occupation and English, Danish, and Norman invasion and settlement, but that English or Anglo-Latin, when it adopted the name, adopted the wrong half of it. Moreover, this explanation, as Mr. Pike also points out, wholly fails to account for *merchet* being payable on the marriage of sons.

We shall hardly be expected to give an account of the general contents of this Year-Book in a non-professional journal. There is one curious case of alleged abuse of the process of the King's Court, case 53 of Easter Term, p. 152, where a woman pursuing

* Year-Books of the Reign of King Edward the Third. Year XV. Edited and translated by Luke Owen Pike. [Record Office Series.] London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1891.

an appeal of felony alleges that the appellee caused an action to be brought against her in the name of a fictitious person ("qu'unques ne fust een rerum natura"), on which suit she was arrested and imprisoned, so that she could not prosecute her appeal and was unsuited. The case was duly argued by counsel on both sides, so it cannot be cited as a medieval example of the female plaintiff in person, who, as a very learned judge said a year or two ago, has added a new terror to judicial office.

NOVELS.*

THERE is much delicacy of observation in *The Romance of a French Parsonage*, both as to the study of character and the pictures of life in a remote corner of France, though neither in the plot, which is simplicity itself, nor in the strong situations that arise from the plot, is there any marked originality. The romance is suggestive of a new version of the story of Abelard and Héloïse. Before his secession to the Reformed Church, while yet one of the brightest ornaments of the Romish Church and Parisian society, Evelard loves, and is loved by, a young and beautiful girl, and is compelled to see her, like another Héloïse, doomed to be "lost in a convent's solitary gloom." The memory of the separation haunts him. As a Protestant, he is smitten with remorse that he should have suffered it without a protest. That there was anything unreasonable or morbid in this remorse does not occur to him, nor do his new duties in the pastorate of St. Gilles-sur-Mer, near the mouth of the Gironde, sweeten the bitterness of recollection. Here he has for a neighbour an old friend, Mme. Delinon, whose devotion inspires what the author terms a "romance of middle age"—a romance that will charm more readers, we venture to think, than that other and more passionate romance that eventually submerges it. Indeed, we are disposed to resent the sacrifices of this adorable creature as a kind of scapegoat in the interests of the sensational. However, it is brought home to Evelard, by a deputation of honest farmers from the neighbouring commune, that a Protestant pastor must marry, if he is to gain the respect of his flock. This officious visit, by the way, is described with a good deal of humour. But there is no illusion between the two. He has nothing but friendship to offer Mme. Delinon, and she knows of his life's disappointment, though she does not know that the object of his love was her long-lost friend Bertrande. One spring night, during her absence in Paris, Evelard returns from a pastoral visit to the lonely parsonage, and finds there in hiding a Carmelite sister, escaped from the nearest convent. Of course it is Bertrande. The seasoned novel-reader is prepared for the revelation. But the pastor does not recognize her, after her eight years' conventual life, though Mme. Delinon does, immediately on her recall from Paris, and receives her into her house. It is somewhat strange that so strong and faithful a spirit should have entertained his angel unawares, though the postponement of the inevitable crisis is fully justified by the skill and delicacy of the author's development of the climax. The story is full of interest and well written throughout. But it may be observed that a French pastor was scarcely likely to speak of the proverbial saying about God tempering the wind to the shorn lamb as "words of Scripture." And in the descriptions of the Charente country the general effect, excellent as it is, is spoiled at times by somewhat heavy and gaudy phraseology. There is too much of the "topaz-coloured" flower, the "tulip-tinted wave," the "raspberry-tinted clouds," and the like.

Drawn Blank is not absolutely a sporting novel, though of horses and hounds and the hunting-field Mrs. Robert Jocelyn is by no means neglectful, and writes of these matters with her customary spirit. The merit of the story—and it is decidedly no common merit—lies in the successful employment of material that is extremely outworn. It is perilously based upon an improbable case of changed babies. The Hon. Mary Dunstable is a changeling. She passes as the only daughter and heiress of Lord Leftbury. There is nothing of the fairy about this changeling. She is a loud-voiced, heavy-footed, mannish young person, not bad-looking, and passionately devoted to horses and hounds. She is, in fact, low-bred and disagreeable. No attempt is made to veil these defects; yet, in spite of all, without any adventitious aids or unnatural evolution of character, this gamekeeper's daughter proves in the end to be vastly more attractive than the beautiful and virtuous Jennie, the true heiress, whom she has supplanted. She is undeniably an unpleasant young woman at the outset. She suffers no sudden conversion or regenerating process of any kind. From first to last she is in all ways consistent. Yet by degrees we are constrained to like her, till liking strengthens into livelier sympathy, until in the end we fairly capitulate under the stress of the pitiful and pathetic close of her

adventures. The secret of this effect may be left to be worked out by the subtle-souled analyst who delights in "psychological studies." Mrs. Jocelyn does not call her novel a psychological study. Indeed, a plainer story was never written. But we have read more than one work of fiction claiming that pretentious title that has exercised our spirit far less.

Miss Savile Clarke's two stories are strongly contrasted. *The Poet's Audience* is inspired by the spirit of fantasy, *Delilah* is a tragical story of the realistic type. The first story illustrates the *vie de Bohème* in a London lodging-house, where are congregated, in squalid circumstances, a number of strange beings whose only bond of union appears to be their poverty and their adoration of the poet that is among them. It is their one religious observance to hear the recitation of his own verse from the lips of the poet. This whimsical function and the leading persons who perform are described with a pretty play of humour and fancy. The poet, a shallow coxcomb, whose caddishness and conceit are unfathomable, accepts the tributes of the queer assembly as his right. Among the infatuated audience are a journalist, who is despised by all, and a beautiful girl, who is known as "The Princess." This princess in Bohemia is distractedly in love with the poet, and is inconsolable when kinder fortune carries him away from the sordid sphere he illuminated for her. But, as may happen in Bohemia and beyond it, she is persuaded to marry the journalist, who has "come in to money," though there is no secret of her constancy to the egregious poet. Henceforth the interest of the story lies in the painful process of her disillusion, and here Miss Clarke reveals considerable power and originality of treatment. Though, as a whole, *The Poet's Audience* is somewhat sketchy, it is a story of decided promise. We cannot affirm so much of *Delilah*, in which a much-handled subject is dealt with upon somewhat hackneyed lines.

Uneven Ground is an interesting, though far from exciting, story of a jilted girl who outlives the memory of an absorbing passion, not by attaining to the philosophic mind that time brings, but by the gradual awakening to the true character of her idol and the love of his rival, whom she eventually marries. Miss Severne exhibits excellent artistic feeling in tracing the slow yet steady progress of disenchantment. Her pictures of country life are as pleasing as they are true to nature, and there is no trace of exaggeration in the characters of her novel. One and all, they are most carefully drawn.

No disappointment is in store for those admirers of *The Atelier du Lys* who take up *The Secret of Madame Monluc*. Like the previous work of the writer, this romance of an ancient and noble family, fallen upon evil days, is delightful reading. The scene is laid in Paris during the early years of the First Empire. The characters are most delicately presented in a social atmosphere suggestive both of the new order and the old. The Marquise de Monluc is a proud old dame, living solely in the splendours of the *ancien régime*, scornful, or rather independent, of the interests of the new Bonapartist world. In the faded and gloomy magnificence of the family hotel she lives with her granddaughter Solange, two old servitors, and the Commandeur de Monluc-Fontenay, the uncle of Mlle. Solange. Like a bird in a cage is the young girl, compared with the old people about her, all of whom live in the past, and one—the old soldier—is quite unconscious that the Revolution has been. In this ungenial home the beautiful Solange learns by a strange accident that she is beautiful and beloved, and solves the secret of her haughty grandmother's neglect and ill-treatment. This secret is very plausibly designed and skilfully worked out to a climax, while the love episode of Maxime Langier and Solange is as charmingly told as anything we have had from the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*.

In the land of its origin *A Singer's Wife* appeared under the title *Felicia*, after the name of the heroine, a beautiful though trying young lady, who was sufficiently daring to break the narrow confines of her own social circle and marry a professional singer. Provincial and commercial are her own people. A spelling bee, we may conceive, is a diversion for these sad folk, or, if they aspire to "culture," they study Finden's engravings of Turner at an evening party, or discuss Flaxman's drawings by the lamplight. The wrath of the rich merchant, Felicia's papa, at the bare announcement of Hugh Kennett's proposal to his daughter is divertingly described, and the one amusing passage in a dreary story. For the rest, the marriage results in nothing but misunderstandings, whims, fancies, and much that is irrational, in the fair Felicia. In her worldly-minded soul "the human heart" is for ever in controversy with "the implacable forces of conventionality." In plainer words, the story illustrates "incompatibility of temper" with remorseless prolixity and deplorable heaviness of touch.

MY THOUGHTS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

IF doubts can be entertained as to the advisableness of reprinting to-day under the above heading a series of articles published some ten and fifteen years ago in various magazines and reviews, and if the propriety of so personal a title for a subject so universal may be questioned, there ought not to be two different opinions as to the intrinsic merit of Mr. H. Statham's book. It is a work written by one who, having a taste for an art, has cultivated it

* *The Romance of a French Parsonage*. By the Author of "Dr. Jacob." 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

Drawn Blank. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1892.

The Poet's Audience and Delilah. By Clara Savile Clarke. London: Cassell & Co.

Uneven Ground. By Florence Severne. 3 vols. London: David Stott.

The Secret of Madame Monluc. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." London: Methuen & Co.

A Singer's Wife. By Fanny N. D. Murfree. London: Cassell & Co.

* *My Thoughts on Music and Musicians*. By H. Heathcote Statham. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim.

seriously; whose criticism has a method, whose opinions are consistent with a stated ideal, and whose style is worthy of the matter treated. Indeed, it is not often that a reviewer in a special branch of art has the privilege of discussing a work of such serious import, and the criticism of it offered here is meant as a tribute paid to the author's accomplishment, sincerity, and honesty of purpose, and is conceived in the same spirit as the author's own opinions, "formed neither lightly nor hastily." *My Thoughts on Music and Musicians* consists of an article on "Form and Design in Music"; critical essays on Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and Sterndale Bennett; and a chapter "About the Organ." This last we may dismiss from our review at once as having nothing to do with the title, the only apparent reason for its intercalation being that the instrument has been the author's "own special study and enjoyment." *Wie kommen die Rüben in den Sack?*

On the very threshold of the book we stop with an objection, confessing frankly that we dislike the title extremely. The dissertation on "form and design in music"—the artistic profession of faith of the author—contains but such information as may be gathered from any technical reference-book, and can hardly come under the heading of "Thoughts on Music"; whilst the title of "Thoughts on Musicians" is too big a frame for biographical-analytical notices of nine composers, seven of whom are German. In each case the title implies much more than it really covers, and as to the pronoun, it is distinctly American—we nearly said *agaçant*. True, there are some definitions and an artistic theory in the first chapter, but neither are new or personal enough to be considered or the author's own. The series of critical essays have an undoubted literary and artistic merit, but being, after all, only a result of careful analysis and patient compilation, contain nothing that had not already been said about the great men therein discussed, and some original remarks occurring here and there, so far from giving them a distinctive *cachet*, rather detract from the value of the essays, and, to say the truth, it would have been better, for the sake of the author, if they did not occur.

Already in the preface (p. xi) we have the keynote to its tenor. "One special object kept in view throughout the book," says the author, "has been to oppose and discountenance what I consider one of the great fallacies of modern musical criticism—namely, the 'progress' fallacy, which regards every change in musical style as a necessary step in a consistent progress from a lower to a higher development in art." We have our own opinion as to the merits of "modern musical criticism"; but if the "progress fallacy" were the only sin one could lay at its doors, things would look, indeed, very well in the State of Denmark; apart from that, no such fallacy in modern musical criticism, taken as a whole, exists. The result of our observations in this direction points merely to a special attitude adopted by the modern critic towards certain works, composers, and performers, and that may be summed up briefly in this guise:—hat in hands before Germans, cocked up before the French, and back turned on Italians. Serious critics—*rari nantes*—have serious opinions, to which they are just as welcome as Mr. Statham to his, for they are as good as his, and mean just as much. Creative power appeals to a higher tribunal, posterity, and modern musical criticism, Mr. Statham's opinions—or, for the matter of that, our own—are on the whole of little moment. As to taking the trouble of opposing and discountenancing a current of opinion or exerting oneself for the sake of a few isolated instances, it is, like planing steel, loss of time. But what does Mr. Statham mean by the "progress fallacy"? If he refuses to identify progress with improvement, then we are with him; for there is no progress in art in that sense, but a constant evolution, and the manifestations of human genius are infinite. But if, in accordance with a preconceived ideal, the author refuses to accept works which do not come up to his arbitrary standard—and this is unfortunately the case—if art has stopped with him at the Greek column and a fugue by Bach, then we say, without hesitation, that he mistakes his mission as a critic. Criticism has been very happily defined as the "physician of the intelligence," and the same objectiveness with which a physician accepts every malady must be applied by the critic in accepting every manifestation in art. He must accept every one in the same degree as natural and necessary facts, without exalting one at the expense of the other, without recipes or dogmas, and, above all, far from an absolute standard. An "absolute" anything would mean absolute truth, and that will never be obtained, for the whole sum of past truths forms but a relative truth, and that will be belied by the truth of to-morrow. We understand enthusiastic reverence for a great work of art, and willingly would we forgive the author for enshrining it as a model; but when we came across such a *credo* as that on page 13—"Art is form"—then, without any desire to be ungracious to one who was fortunate enough to hear Mme. Viardot in her prime, we say emphatically "Nonsense." Art is no more form than poetry is grammar; and to subject to such a limitation music, the most subjective of all arts, an art that has no models in the material world, and one that is susceptible of infinite transformations, is to court precisely the ridicule scorned by the author, of imagining "an organized being produced by a father without a mother." We do not see much good in definitions when art is in question; but, definition for definition, we infinitely prefer that which considers art "as a corner of nature seen through a temperament." If we add to it that which con-

siders music "as the art of moving by combinations of sounds," and if we say further that, in order to "move," one must "know" and "feel," we may dispense with all further theories, definitions, standards, and ideals. The author's definition of music, arrived at after the question "What is music?" has been put, is only a comparison, an instance of *idem per idem*, and has not even the merit of novelty; for *il y a beau temps* that Mme. de Staël has called music *une architecture sonore*.

How far an otherwise excellent musical constitution can be misled by an absolute standard, and to what excesses can the "Art is form" principle go, will be gathered from the few following instances:—Page 81, in the course of an elaborate analysis of the *Allegretto* in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, given here as an example of logic and symmetry in form and consistency in design, the author says:—"One only blemish there is on the symmetry of this movement, which it is curious to note, where a sudden return to the subject seems to be made, as if in a moment of irritation, by the brusque interposition of the passage at A, Ex. 37; that bar is the only one in which the characteristic rhythm running all through the movement is for a moment dropped, and, instead of the crotchet and two quavers, we have four strongly marked quavers in a bar. I have always felt this to be a momentary blemish on an otherwise perfect composition." And we consider the remark as a big blunder in an otherwise excellent analysis. What! not a single interruption of rhythm in a movement of some 270 bars? in a page by a composer whose royal will and pleasure it was to juggle with rhythm as nobody before or after him did or knew how to do? It is hardly worth while to argue the matter from any other standpoint, but as a matter of fact the four quavers in a bar which give such offence to Mr. Statham, far from being a blemish, rise quite logically from a preceding figure of four and a half bars of triplets to the characteristic rhythm, and are besides of exquisite effect, as they herald the entry of the theme, passing from strings, through horns, trumpets, and drums to the wood.

Further on, p. 106, whilst protesting against the "modern tendency of programme music, or music intended to express a definite idea or phenomenon which could be otherwise described in words," we read, "But in the storm movement Beethoven does not escape pitfalls, more especially where, in order to picture the roar of the storm, he allows the basses and violoncellos to play in groups of four notes against five, so that none of the notes are heard precisely together (the italics are ours)." This, most distinctly, is not "music"; it is a gross æsthetic falsity, and it is a thousand pities that Beethoven should have lent the sanction of his great name to such a procedure." Well, we will venture to say that this is not criticism, but a childish objection, and that the author should have known better.

Modern tendencies in music are of little concern to us, and we do not profess to understand much about music intended to express ideas or phenomena. But if it be a case of "absolute music or no music" with the author, or if he means to imply that music is not suggestive, he is wrong and in contradiction with himself besides; for his highest praise—form apart—is, *one of the most expressive and practically suggestive pieces of music ever written* (p. 76 and others). As to the objection itself, it is really difficult to refrain from a smile, especially at the puerile way in which it is formulated (italics). Supposing even that "Art is form," all form and nothing but form, where is the rule that forbids to write five notes against four, or, for the matter of that, fifty against seven? And why should they be heard precisely together? Whilst professing the utmost reverence for Beethoven, the author picks further a bone with him over a device in anticipation in the Third Symphony (p. 275)—a mere matter of a pedal in the treble this time, instead of being in the bass, and, of course, he has his say about the famous "crash" in the Ninth Symphony. To wind up the "Art is form" theory, let us put it to the test; the author seems to have mastered the form thoroughly, his artistic perception is very keen, and his ideal of the most perfect order; why, instead of writing about music, does not he write music purely and simply? Perhaps he has done so; but if he has, his works have not reached those whose business it is to be versed in musical literature.

Mr. Statham has also a disposition for volunteering explanations and definitions which are not really needed, and which are no happier than that on art. One instance will suffice. Speaking of discords (p. 37) the author gives an example of four chords, which struck on the piano or organ will appear to any hearer as discords, but which placed in the course of a passage from Bach will give him no such intimation when played. Why so?

The theorist of the old school [says the author] would tell him (the hearer) it is because the discords are all properly prepared and resolved. . . . A broader and more comprehensive view, which I have never yet seen suggested, is that the hearing intelligence (if I may so put it) unconsciously reasons and recognizes that each of these discords has a logical relation with what precedes and follows it, as a link in the chain of progression which reaches its temporary resting-place in the last chord of the quotation.

Such are the blemishes of the work under consideration, and it cannot be said that for a book of 467 pages they are many. But there is more to say in its praise; whenever the author takes leave of his artistic fad, and lets his *déttes noires*—"modern criticism and tendencies" and "poetic basis"—alone, and limits himself to scientific or descriptive musical analysis, his book becomes instructive and interesting. Many of his pages are worthy of our best prose writers, and his deductions

and *résumés* are not to be underrated. The article on Chopin is the nearest approach to perfection in this style of literature, and, whilst disagreeing often with Mr. Statham, we profess our respect for a man who, having something to say, has said it, and said it well.

As a proof of our good faith and consistency with an opinion expressed before, though ardent admirers of Wagner, we will not dispute Mr. Statham's unjust appreciation of the man and his works; we will merely suggest that it was not perhaps quite fair to leave the *Meistersingers* unmentioned in his essay. The author will understand the point.

THIRTEEN ESSAYS ON EDUCATION.*

THERE are thirty-two points in the compass, and it is hard if the wind does not blow from all of them within a few days. So in the breezes of opinion, whether registered from the tempestuous gales of the London press, or from the more moderate sighings of a select few, we shall find no lack of variety. When thirteen utterances of keen minds are given forth on the subject of education, and the modest title-page is charged with *Quot homines, tot sententiae*, it would be wonderful to find the writers worse than their word.

The very existence of this book is creditable to the contributors to its pages. In spite of the physical exhaustion and mental fatigue that inevitably dog the teacher's steps, these men have given to their essays the life which comes of earnest conviction. Weary at times, no doubt, in their work, they are not weary of it.

We have, then, Principles and Practice, by the Headmaster of Haileybury; Music, by an Assistant-master at Harrow, whose chief follows with Religious Education. Then one of the staff of St. Paul's enters on the Scholarship question, the Headmaster of the City of London School treats of Commercial Education, the Prospective Character of School Training is discussed by the head of a preparatory school near Liverpool, and voices from Canterbury are heard on the Teaching of Holy Scripture and the Formation of an Educational Museum. A brace of papers on English Literature and the Universities and Specialisation from Clifton, and a Greek trilogy from Canterbury, Haileybury, and Winchester conclude the list.

One thing is clear, that the writers have been blessed with opportunities of knowing what they are writing about. This alone may procure for them a respectful hearing, though an unfeigned assent and consent is another thing.

Mr. Lyttelton imagines a stranger questioning a headmaster on the nature of public school education. Such questioning would probably start with an inquiry as to what is meant by a public school. The stranger would have to be told that all elementary schools, and the greater number of endowed schools, to which the public have access by right are not in this charmed circle. It is not well to imagine him pushing his queries. Long before the satisfaction of his curiosity he would be hopelessly lost in the entanglement of collegiate foundations, private benefactions, joint-stock Companies, with and without local obligations. Should any hitherto silent member of the thirteen (there seem to be four such) be inclined to discuss the question, "What is a Public School?" he will not remain unnoticed. Passing from this fundamental difficulty we find Mr. Lyttelton saying that the only people who understand education are the scientific theorists. But, as they hold so vast a variety of views, with all of which it is impossible to agree, two questions seem inevitable. Which scientific theorists are meant? And how are their theories formed? Many of them, like Rousseau and Mr. Herbert Spencer, seem nobly to have taken the *à priori* road, reasoning downwards from imaginary boys and girls, instead of pursuing the safer inductive method derived from experience and observation. The successful theorists seem to be those who have been also practical men. The schoolmaster despises not the theorist, but the mere theorist, and stoutly refuses to be taught his business by some "painstaking specialist" who may have spent years in "elaborating ideas," all the while probably unable to keep order or to retain the attention of a class. Not that the schoolmaster is not generally in sore need of training. In the haphazard way in which secondary education is carried on, neither head nor helper usually will be found to have had any training before work lies in front of them. Then they buy by experience, and while they are buying at a high price the boys are losing at the same rate. If, as Mr. Lyttelton complains, the plainest and most obviously sensible recommendations are widely ignored, it may be inquired whether they have ever reached the quarters for which they are intended. We train our elementary schoolmasters, and they do their work, and, as a rule, do it well. No sort of control is exercised over those who profess to teach higher branches of study. Squeers's curriculum was of very wide extent. Once there was a stir in the national mind, but though a Royal Commission sat for the purpose of getting at facts and making recommendations, more than a quarter of a century ago, things remain pretty much as they were, as far as qualification is concerned. The interests of young England demand more resolute action.

Mr. Howson follows with some sensible observations on Music,

basing his conclusions on the results of teaching at Harrow, Uppingham, Sherborne, and Rugby. He is strongly impressed with the prevalent waste of a widely-diffused gift, and his recommendations would be generally endorsed by those who have handled the matter.

The essay of Mr. Welldon on the Religious Education of Boys is of great value. He strikes the right note in claiming the high importance of the intellectual side of religion. Many would be glad of the ethical advantage if they could have it clear from doctrine and its concomitant speculative difficulties. But this may not be. We have here, as elsewhere, to take as we find. "Elimination of revelation will soon be followed by decay of morals." Mr. Welldon's remarks on School Missions, Confirmation, and the School Chapel are characterized by deep feeling and sound sense, two elements which are not always united. With regard to sermons, he says most epigrammatically that everybody likes them, though everybody likes disliking them. But there are sermons of the first class, and sermons of the second. Both these Harrow essays are distinctly Harrovian, and little or no account is taken of the spiritual want of boys in the majority of schools which are and must be chapelless.

The scholarship question is thorny enough. An inquiry may sometimes arise as to the motives of parents in desiring them. Mainly they seem to be social. A young boy in a country grammar school, for instance, may be doing well before preparation for one of these examinations. Under pressure he may seem to be doing better. He succeeds, and his parents feel a glow of not ignoble pride. The schoolmaster, though pleased with success, feels a pang at the loss of a rising boy. In some instances the scholarship is the earnest of more victories. In others disappointment results. The boy feels himself among the sons of richer men than his own parents. He has been a little overdone with toil, and falls into their easier ways, in the end falling short of the position which he would have reached had he remained in his old school. But more competitors come from the preparatory schools with which the more genial quarters of England swarm. The Kent suburbs, the coast-line from Scarborough to Torquay, North Wales, the pleasant hills of Surrey and Hertfordshire know them well. Mr. Cookson truly says that, "Preparatory schools, being exclusively private schools, are, as a whole, outside the range of public opinion. Many of them enjoy well-deserved reputations, but so long as it is open to any one who has failed in other things to set up a preparatory school as a last resource, it is plain that things are not in a very satisfactory condition." Fathers get uneasy at the prolonged preparation which their sons are receiving; but their silent convictions are often outweighed by the statement, which commends itself to maternal timidity, that the boy is not ready for removal yet. When the change is inevitable, he often has to begin *de novo*, as Mr. Cookson says. *Expertis crede*.

But we must pass to Mr. Pollard's dozen pages on that *arugo et cura peculi* called Commercial Education. The London Chamber of Commerce knew perfectly well what it wanted—a clerk-machine combining the qualities of ready-reckoner, shorthand-writer, and accountant with a knowledge of foreign languages sufficient for writing office letters. It is not the business of schools to supply this article any more than to produce bricklayers or tailors. The attempts are too often ghastly failures, as might be expected, while the training of higher qualities has suffered cruelly. School book-keeping, as a rule, means copying imaginary and unmeaning entries from one book into another, and the little learned from this exalted study is forgotten long before a clerk can be trusted with the sacred folios of his firm. Business is learnt in business, not in school. One remark may be made about handwriting. It is not in every case that high quality and speed can be combined. A few years ago one of Vere Foster's prizemen entered an office. His old schoolmaster meeting his employer, referred with pride to his calligraphy. "Yes," was the reply; "but he takes three-quarters of an hour to write a letter."

Paullo majora canamus. Mr. Field writes vigorously and sensibly on the teaching of Holy Scripture. The necessity of keeping religious knowledge lessons to one time hampers many schools, and members of the staff have to be thus employed whose function lies elsewhere if anywhere. Some day people will awake to the fact that theology still is one of the faculties, and had better not be taught by those who have never troubled themselves to acquire even its elements. As a rule, the science master does not teach history of England, or the drawing master Greek. But nearly every man has to teach divinity; while, as to ladies of all ages, their opinions and formulae are firm as rocks, based too frequently on a profound ignorance of the terminology of their favourite subject.

Nor does Mr. Field show less vigour in his paper on an Educational Museum. His remarks on the use of the lantern and slides are eminently practical. In most places Roman remains are tolerably accessible; and it is refreshing to find how eagerly even village lads will seize on the difference between the porous ware that goes by the name of Romano-British and the choice black-and-white of Durobrivæ, or the red glaze of Arretium, while a homely illustration with a stout stick will justify the decay of chain-mail and throw meaning into the brasses on the floor of the village church. So, too, the holidays of boys in our high schools pass away with pleasure as well as profit, as botany, entomology, geology, yield their stores to the young investigator.

Mr. Glazebrook is somewhat hard on those painstaking com-

* *Thirteen Essays on Education*. By Members of the XIII. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

mentators on Shakspeare, Messrs. Clark and Wright. Surely, though their notes give rather more Cotgrave than the average stomach can digest, they have done something better than to teach us "to suppose that the great use of reading Shakspeare is to learn how a poet can pervert history and disregard the rules of grammar." Examiners use these notes, perhaps, unduly. But it is hard to catch the aroma of poetry by means of paper examinations. More can be done orally; but even then, how is an examiner to assess the merits of the members of a class? Mr. Glazebrook's suggestions are, however, valuable, because they deprecate that excess of system which only commends itself to "the United Chambers of Commerce and other visionaries." His remarks on the Universities and Specialization (why does he spell it with a *s*?) deserve more attention than space on the present occasion admits of.

Just at this time Greek is especially the subject of discussion, and the "mighty victory and grand defeat" which recently thrilled the Cambridge Senate House and made every hair in the marble wig of Charles Duke of Somerset stand upright with enthusiasm, has brought the question of alternatives for one of the classical languages into general prominence. To judge from the youth and lay habit of a large portion of the overwhelming majority, the issue will not be raised with hope of success for many years.

Mr. Field's spirited paper in behalf of Greek pleads for it not merely as a gymnastic of the mind, but as associated with "a history which is the richest storehouse of examples for those who are to be citizens of an Imperial commonwealth, and a literature which opens to us most fully the beauties of our own." What are they seeking who would have French or German as an alternative? Certainly not modern literature. They would consider Racine or Goethe as much a waste of time as Sophocles or Tacitus. Perhaps they would like that deciphering of bad German handwriting which one of our essayists has put his foot upon. But what can be expected when the tune is set by Civil Service Commissioners exacting from embryo boy-clerks the interpretation of some statesman's oft-corrected English hieroglyphics, compared with which a crumbling Roman altar or mediæval tomb is mere child's play?

Mr. Lyttelton writes in the interests of Greek against compulsory Greek. So far as school-work is concerned, he will have the majority with him. But his game is mainly won, for weal or for woe, though the debate at Oxford waxed warm, and the letters subsequently written to the *Times* warmer.

Last comes Mr. Rendall, to advocate a later commencement of Greek than that which now obtains. His recommendation is backed up by the testimony of many English teachers, and a great array of Continental authority. One question, however, may be asked. Considering how readily the eye learns, compared with the ear, have we sufficiently made use of the blackboard in teaching languages?

The exhibition of comparative inflexions, with a hint as to their origin, is a great quickener to boys, especially if they are encouraged to ask questions. In this way Greek would not be found so wearisome, and the accidence would be impressed on the memory when in its full flush of retentive power.

Sat prata biberunt.

LESSER CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

MR. TYRRELL has had the happy thought of compiling a selection of eighty letters of and to Cicero, with the view of illustrating, not his political career, but his private life and

* *Cicero in his Letters.* Edited, with Notes, by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Seventh Book of the History of Thucydides. The Text newly Revised and Explained, with Introduction, &c. By Rev. H. A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Thucydides. Book II. Edited by E. C. Marchant, M.A., Assistant-Master in St. Paul's School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Fifth Book of Thucydides. Edited, with Notes, by C. E. Graves, M.A., Classical Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Captivi of T. Maccius Plautus. With Introduction and Notes by A. R. S. Halliday, M.A., formerly Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Euripides Cyclops. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. E. Long, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Digest XIX. 2. Locati Conducti. Translated, with Notes, by C. H. Monro, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

An Introduction to the Latin Language. Comprising the Accidence, Prosody and Syntax, Exercises and Vocabulary, together with hundreds of original Examination Questions on the Text, and sundry Hints to Teachers on the best way of Teaching, and to Pupils on the best way of Mastering the Language. Also the "Syllabus of Latin Pronunciation" (published with permission), by Maurice C. Hime, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Foyle College, Londonderry. Vol. II. The Syntax, &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Latin Prose Composition. By G. G. Ramsey, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Third Edition. Vol. I, containing Syntax, Exercises, Vocabulary, and Appendix. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades, Assistant-Master at Sherborne School. Second Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

his relations with his friends. With regard to the judgment shown in the selection, we can only say that, having taken up the book to criticize, we fell to reading straight on until there was no more to read. No doubt each lover of Cicero's letters will miss some favourites of his own and wonder at the insertion of others; but there is not a letter in the book which is not interesting for its matter as well as for its literary quality. We have the letters to M. Fadius Gallus about the insolence of the singer Tigellius, one or two of Cicero's wailing letters written in exile, the famous letter of consolation from S. Sulpicius on Tullia's death, the immortal description of Cicero's dinner to Cæsar, the brief note to Atticus about the candidates for Cicero's elderly hand, with the "nihil vidi foedius" description of one of them, and many others of equal charm and interest. As the selection is intended for schoolboys, we doubt the wisdom of inserting some letters—for instance, those written to Trebatius in Britain and Gaul B.C. 53, nos. xxii.-xxv. in this volume—which present considerable difficulties and require elaborate annotation. We fancy that Mr. Tyrrell is rather disposed to overrate the capacity of sixth-form boys to make out the text, and that he is sometimes a little too sparing of help fitted to their needs, while he inserts notes better suited to the comprehension of their elders. But this is a pleasing contrast to the over-annotation which is so prevalent a vice in school editions. Mr. Tyrrell acknowledges valuable assistance from Dr. J. S. Reid, many of whose comments are given in the notes. Mr. Tyrrell, with great frankness, chiefly delights in giving Dr. Reid's views when they are at variance with his own. Dr. Reid's terse remarks sometimes offer an amusing contrast to the more florid manner of Mr. Tyrrell. There is a well-written introduction on Cicero's public and private life, and on the form of the letters. Cicero is held up as a model of virtue in public life, and such phrases as "the conspiracy of Catiline, in which Cæsar undoubtedly took a part," and "political desperadoes like Cæsar," sufficiently indicate Mr. Tyrrell's political bias.

Dr. Holden's edition of *Thucydides VII.* is on much the same scale and plan as his editions of the *Cyropædia* and of certain *Lives* of Plutarch. Like these works, it is full of historical and scholarly learning, and admirably suited to the needs of undergraduates reading for honours. Like some of them, too, it is to our mind rather overloaded with notes on comparatively elementary points, which would be better left to editions intended for younger readers. Those who are able to profit by Dr. Holden's learning hardly need be told the difference between *ταχιστος* and *ταχιστα*, or that *πῦρ πάντες ἐκείνων* means "sent and bade," or to have their attention drawn to so familiar an idiom as *τὴν πλείστην τῆς στρατῆως*. But our objection to the presence of such notes is after all a matter of opinion, and for the rest of Mr. Holden's work we have nothing but admiration. Besides text and commentary, there is an excellent historical introduction, an appendix on the text, and a most valuable lexical index, with others on subject-matter and grammar. Dr. Holden has re-collated the British Museum MS. (M); a very useful piece of work, as Eggeing's collation, made in 1867, proves to be a rather slovenly performance.

Dr. Holden is a thorough master of Thucydidean usage, and such notes as those on *σχόντες ἤγησιν* (p. 88) and on *ἐπέρρωτο* (p. 107), to take two almost at haphazard, are just such as to help students to a knowledge of their author's language. The commentary is as useful on points of history as in matters of scholarship. We find good notes on the policy of King Perdiccas, on the town of Amphipolis, on the lesser harbour of Syracuse; and when a new character is introduced, it is Dr. Holden's practice to give a short sketch of his previous doings, with references to the book and chapter in which they are recorded. Among these we may mention the notes on Demosthenes and Eurymedon, and on the great Syracusan, Hermocrates. A doubt may, perhaps, be felt whether Dr. Holden does not sometimes give too much help in such matters, and leave rather too little to the student's research; but it may be answered that the method takes away from the careless all excuse for ignorance, while the industrious cannot but be stimulated by being thus shown how a scholar sets to work to master a difficult historical writer. Dr. Holden admits in his preface that the work of predecessors has not left much room for originality. He has made good use of the notes of Arnold and Dr. Jowett, and also of the chief German commentators. One view of his is perhaps worth mentioning; in the famous letter of Nicias he takes *βραχεία ἀκμή πληρώματος* (xiv. 1) to mean "the really efficient part of a ship's crew is but small," rather than "the prime of a crew is short-lived," as the words are usually translated. This rendering certainly is a more appropriate comment than the other on what Nicias has written just before about the composition of many of the crews, and is a more natural introduction to the words *ὀλίγοι τῶν ναυῶν*, κ.τ.λ. which follow. Altogether no better student's edition of *Thucydides* has appeared for a long time, and we hope Dr. Holden will continue his work.

Mr. Marchant's edition of *Thucydides II.* is a thoroughly good and sound school edition. The notes are frequent and commendably short, and they direct the reader's attention, so far as we have tested them, to every difficulty and every point worth observing without giving too much actual help. In fact, the commentary is emphatically the work of a practical teacher who knows where boys are likely to go wrong, and does all that is necessary to keep them right, while he is jealous of any aid which will encourage idleness. A very good specimen of Mr. Marchant's work may be found in the notes on the funeral oration of Pericles,

where the thread of the argument is constantly kept before the reader. We are not quite satisfied of the wisdom of appending to the commentary a full translation of this speech, but the rendering is good. The printing of the commentary contrasts unpleasantly with the beautiful clearness of the text. Often a great number of notes are crowded together into one paragraph, and this practice, combined with the smallness of the type, makes reading a task rather hard for middle-aged eyes, and in these days of spectacled schoolboys not always easy for young ones. Notes on the text are placed at the foot of each page. There is a good introduction on MSS., style, historical points, &c., with some prefatory remarks on historical reading in general which seem to us a little out of place.

Mr. Graves in his present volume follows more or less the lines of his edition of the Fourth Book, though we fancy that he gives less help. This is rather a merit than otherwise, for the notes to his previous work, good as they were, contained more translation than most teachers would approve. The notes to the present book are quite sufficient for sixth-form boys, and we have not found any difficulty overlooked. There is sufficient textual criticism to introduce boys with a turn for scholarship to this important branch of a scholar's education; but the notes are not thereby swollen to undue proportions. We should add that the printing of the commentary is a great improvement on that in Mr. Marchant's volume. There is no crowding, and the notes are printed in separate paragraphs.

Mr. Hallidie, whose name is new to us, has produced an excellent school edition of the *Captivi*. The notes are thoroughly good and scholarly. They give the right amount of help, and are well expressed. If there is any fault to be found with them, it is perhaps that Mr. Hallidie sometimes piles up rather too formidable heaps of parallel passages for boys to get through. But few boys will make the attempt, so no harm is done. The best points in the book are the admirably clear and sufficient treatise on Plautine metre and prosody, in the introduction; and the foot-notes, which draw attention to every peculiarity of scansion throughout the play, and point out changes of metre. All schoolmasters who have read a play of Plautus with a form will remember how difficult it is to get any sound idea of the scansion into the heads of average boys; and we have seen no more efficient aid towards getting over this difficulty than Mr. Hallidie's work.

Mr. Long's is a good school edition of a play not often read in schools. To scholars its most interesting feature will be the appendix, which gives some results of a recent collation of the Palatine and Laurentine MSS. The introduction contains some interesting variations of the myth of the Cyclops, taken from different sources. The text is expurgated; but we do not understand why Mr. Long cuts out at ll. 180, 181 the words

ἐν μέρει,
ἐπεὶ γε πολλοὶς ᾔδεται γαμουμένη;

and yet leaves *ἀπαντες αὐτὴν διακροτήσας*, which contains the whole point of the passage.

Mr. Monro has translated and annotated that part of *Digest XIX.* which deals with *locatio et conductio*. The translation is good and exact, and the notes, mainly on legal points, are well done.

The length of Mr. Hime's title is not out of proportion to the rest of the book. His work contains nearly eight hundred pages, and, as it seems that it is one of two volumes, the introduction to Latin gained by its means is likely to be a somewhat protracted ceremony. Some five hundred pages deal with Syntax, on which Mr. Hime writes at a length ill suited to beginners, though with sound grammatical knowledge; and there are exercises, questions on grammar, and so on. The later part of the book is bewildering in its variety. One chapter contains a list of familiar Latin phrases; the next goes into the philology of grammatical forms, which are followed by a sketch of the plot of the first book of the *Æneid*, the "syllabus of Latin pronunciation," and a long passage from Ascham on the method of teaching Latin. Mr. Hime seems to be addressing masters quite as much as pupils, and young teachers may pick up some useful hints from the work. But we do not think that it will be found a convenient schoolbook.

Professor Ramsay has rewritten his well-known work on Latin Prose, adding a Syntax and many useful hints on composition. The book now carries boys from the very beginning of syntax to continuous passages. Those teachers who have used previous editions will be still better pleased with this one; while those who are in search of a good manual of Latin prose can hardly do better than take Professor Ramsay for their guide.

Mr. Rhoades's translation of the *Georgics*, first published ten years ago, has reached its second edition. On reading it again, we are struck by the easy, and often stately, flow of his blank verse, no less than by the closeness and accuracy of the translation. No lover of Virgil should be unacquainted with this work. It is a pity that so good a translator and so skilful a writer of blank verse should have given us nothing new for ten years; but, if it turns out that the time has been spent on a verse translation of the *Æneid*, Mr. Rhoades will be readily forgiven.

RECENT VERSE.*

OUR Western World has grown so old and so civilized that a return to primitive naïveté and absolute unconventionality is probably the last thing we expect to find in any modern art, and, after reading through many volumes of the polished minor poetry of our day, it is almost with a cry of surprise that we come upon anything so weirdly strange and startlingly fresh as the songs contained in *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*. These Roumanian folksongs have been gleaned from the peasants themselves with great care and difficulty by "Hélène Vacaresco," and have been translated into their English form by the Roumanian Queen, and by "Alma Strettell." This much we are told in a short and enthusiastic preface by the cultivated "Carmen Sylva" herself. She further tells us that the originals are mostly improvisations, unrhymed, depending "more for rhythm on the long musical cadence of each phrase than on any definite form," and usually beginning and ending with a refrain. This absence of all technical form, though peculiarly characteristic and appropriate to the nature of these songs, deprives them of one element of beauty which is essential to the highest forms of poetry. For their wail of melancholy and strong vein of mysticism they may be compared to all the poetry of a primitive people, to the songs of the North, and to the monotonous chaunt of the Indian ballad; but though they have much in common with all early poetry, they possess also a character which is distinctive and unique. No one can read them and doubt that they are poetry, and yet they are so only in the sense that a bird's song is music. So elemental are they, and savage, that we seem to hear in them the joyous or sorrowful cries of some untamed animal, rather than the expression of purely human emotion. They contain no traces of a religious faith of any sort, the powers of nature are the only gods to which they appeal, and the rich earth, the growing corn, the flowing river, the moon, and the sun all take part in their savage pains and pleasures. Rapture in the consciousness of life and youth, hatred of decay or death, fierce jealousies, and fierce loves are the emotions which are called forth in these songs. Yet every now and then a higher note is sounded, suggesting the birth of a higher sense, and in the midst of these purely animal realizations a sad foreboding of the wide mystery of the world seems to creep in, of the ever-vanishing nature of love, and of a something within us which is stronger than death. They should be read as a whole in order to be appreciated, but we quote from one short poem on the death of a child, which is typical of the half-sad, half-weird note in them which is continually sounded, and will moreover give some idea of the skill of the translator:—

The river went weeping, weeping!
Ah me! how it did weep!
But I would never heed it,
The weeping of the river,
Whilst thou wert at my breast.
The stars—poor stars—were weeping,
But I would not hear their weeping.

Whilst yet I heard thy voice
Unhappy men drew near me and told me of their woe,
They said: "We are the sorrow of all humanity."
But I had no compassion for human misery
Whilst thou wert with me still.

Then these—the river with its weeping,
The piteous stars, the miserable men—
All prayed the earth's dark depths to take thee from me,
That so my woe might understand their woe;
And now—I weep.

Yet weep I not for human misery,
Nor for the stars' complaining,
Nor for the river's wailing,
I weep for thee alone, most miserly,
Keep all my tears for thee!

The drama at the end of the volume is, we confess, beyond our comprehension; but it is not more wildly extravagant and fantastic than the dramas of that modern author whom we are told to regard as the new Shakespeare, and in reading it we are constantly reminded of *Les Aveugles* and *L'Intruse*.

The volume containing the last poems, now posthumously published, of P. B. Marston, is prefaced by a biographical sketch which greatly enhances its interest. We are accustomed to consider that the lot of happiness is not for poets in this world, and if misfortune is a necessary ingredient in the making of a poet, then indeed this unfortunate young author may so far lay claim to that title. His short life was crowded with so many sorrows that he must have welcomed the end as a release, although he was but thirty-seven when he died. We are told that he was blind from the age of three, and that he lost successively all those on whom he leaned for love and guidance—his

* *The Bard of the Dimbovitza; Roumanian Folksongs.* Collected from the peasants by Hélène Vacaresco. Translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

A Last Harvest. By P. B. Marston. London: Elkin Matthews.

Poems. By Gilbert Beresford. London: Nisbet & Co.

In Cloud and Sunshine. By J. Pierce. London: Trübner & Co.

As the Wind Blows. By J. Percy King. London: Leadenhall Press.

Verses, Grace and Gay. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Cassell & Co.

mother, his wife, his sister, and his greatest friend. Well might he write:—

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind,
We cannot miss the land—
That land to which we hurry on
Across the angry years;
Hope being blind, and sweet love gone,
There is no hand that steers.

The poet's gift to one who is blind from childhood seems only one degree less sad than the gift of song to one who is dumb. In lyrical poetry, especially, images and ideas would seem to be derived as much from what the eyes see as from what the heart feels, and it is not surprising, therefore, that in the lyrics of this poet the imagery should strike the reader as somewhat poor and colourless, or here and there as purely imitative. It is impossible, however, to read these poems without at once perceiving that their author possesses the true lyrical faculty, and that his skill in rhyming, and delicate sense of the musical cadences of verse, denote a talent which, if not inborn, can never be acquired. We are told that at the early age of fourteen young Marston knew by heart the whole of the first series of Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and was then first introduced to the poet himself. This early enthusiasm had doubtless the greatest influence upon his mind and writings, and in many of these lyrics, and some of the sonnets, we recognize its traces. Occasionally, also, there is a Tennysonian echo in his verse. Short as was his literary career, we are given to understand that his work received immediate recognition and warm appreciation, both from the press and from his personal literary friends. Rossetti wrote to him:—"Only yesterday evening I was reading your 'Garden Secrets' to William Bell Scott, who fully agreed with me that it is not too much to say of them that they are worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical moods." This hyperbolic language must in part be attributed to the partiality of friendship; but such lines as the following are certainly the work of a true poet:—

Here in this sunset splendour desolate,
As in some country strange and sad I stand—
A mighty sadness broods upon the land,
The gloom of some unalterable Fate.
O thou whose love dost make august my state,
A little longer leave in mine thy hand—
Night birds are singing, but the place is banned
By stern gods whom no prayers propitiate.

Seeking for bliss supreme, we lost the track—
Shall we then part, and parted try to reach
A goal like that we two sought day and night,
Or shall we sit here, in the sun's low light,
And see, it may be through Death's twilight breach,
A new path to the old way leading back?

The poems of Canon Beresford are ambitious in conception, but scarcely successful in execution. The small volume contains poems allegorical, lyrical, political, and religious. The poem on Mr. Gladstone's Speech of 1886 is to be praised rather for its good sense than its poetical merit. The following simile reads very much like prose—

Look at yon yacht. It has mainsail, topsail,
And its foresail. Without them it were not
Complete. And shall we cut our foresail off
And drift—the enigma of all empires;
While the poor foresail, thinking to sail alone,
Becomes the playmates of the elements!

The allegorical poems contain a certain force and originality of conception, but the verse in which they are written lacks beauty of any description.

Mr. Pierce has published a new series of "Stanzas and Sonnets" entitled *In Cloud and Sunshine*. They are imbued with the same tone of Christian thoughtfulness and tenderness which distinguished his former work, but the title of the book is not altogether appropriate. The author has an ever-present sense of the mystery and sadness of human existence, of the comfort that may be gained from the recognition of spiritual promptings, and an appreciative love for the beauties of the natural world; but his poetry never expresses the depths of deep depression or the heights of great joy. It is rather all in an even tone of quiet cheerfulness. There is something of Wordsworthian simplicity in the verse, also something of Wordsworthian baldness, unredeemed by genius, for though it is easy, and often pretty, we cannot detect in it any touch of the electric spark.

As the Wind Blows is a title which only too correctly indicates the aimlessness of the poems in the volume so called. The author still further describes his work as "Stray Songs in Many Moods"; and it must be admitted that his subjects are as varied as his style is uniform. There is a solid heaviness in all these compositions which, despite the "many moods" in which they are written, is a characteristic that clings to them all. The short and slight poems are marked by it as fatally as those of a longer and more serious nature, and although many difficult subjects are attempted (as, for instance, in "The Sadducee, the Calvinist, and the Catholic"), yet the matter, for the most part, of these poems is as commonplace as the manner is prosaic. When the author attempts a humorous style, as in "A Love Letter. Fin de

Siccle," the elephantine tread becomes more ponderous than ever:—

Dear Annie, you know
I am awfully slow
At writing a long-winded letter;
But fervently trust
If you pardon my cu'st
Negligence, soon to write better.

&c. We fear that both "dear Annie" and the reader (to whom the last three lines might well have been addressed by way of apology) must be sanguine if they expect that poetry will ever flow from the pen of J. Percy King.

Of the *Verses Grave and Gay*, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the best are perhaps those in which the personal note rings loudest. Those of a religious nature, though tinged with a genuine and tender reverence, are not sufficiently original or powerful to deserve special notice. In one or two of the lyrics, and especially in "The Last Love," a strong echo of Browning's manner may be detected. Of the sonnets at the end of the volume the last and best refers to the picture in the New Gallery of this year. The idea which this picture suggested is here happily expressed—

Is that our Earth—that pale and ghostly thing
Casting a feeble and reflected light
Across the dark abysses of the night,
Where weird, fantastic forms their shadows fling?
To Earth with fond and filial hearts we cling,
And vaunt unceasingly her children's might—
Thinking how wise we are, how great, how right,
And how omniscient in our reasoning:
Not dreaming that to other, higher spheres
This globe we prize as peerless—which we deem
The crown of Heaven's canopy unfurled—
Is but a pallid lamp, which spends the years
In lighting with a sickly, borrowed beam
The ruins of a long-forsaken world.

Taken as a whole, these poems leave a pleasant impression both of the mind and of the heart of the writer.

HERALDRY.*

THERE is a certain satisfaction in arriving at a heraldry book in which the author takes a sober and even critical view of his subject. At the very outset we are told of a curious anachronism in a very public place—namely, the Houses of Parliament. There, Mr. Hulme tells us, is a fresco representing the sailing of the *May Flower* in 1620, and the artist has made the ship fly the Union Jack, which did not come into existence until 1801. The conjectural history of "Dame Julians Barnes" is shown to be very conjectural indeed; but there are some pleasant extracts from her "ryght noble treatise of Cotarmours," and also from another old herald, Ferne, whose *Blazon of Gentrie* gives us the arms of Jael the Kenite, of Jubal, of Tubal Cain, and even of much more sacred personages, including the Apostles, who "were Gentilmen of blood, and many of them descended from that worthy Conqueror Iudas Macabeus." The blessing of Jacob on his children need to be held to warrant the assumption that personal devices were intended, and, as every one conversant with the history of the English Bible will remember, a woodcut title-page was used for nearly a century on which they were represented. Mr. Hulme quotes a rhyme about them:—

Judah bare gules, a lion couchant, or;
Zabulon's black ship's like to a man of war,

and so on. Mr. Hulme sensibly asserts that "the Bayeux tapestry is a proof that heraldry was unknown at the time of the Norman Conquest," too many of the authorities trying to make out that it proves the very contrary. The passages on colours strike the reader as novel. Mr. Hulme gives the old derivation of "gules," but states as his own opinion that it comes from the French "gueule," which is nearly the equivalent of the English word gullet. The usual derivation is from "the Arabic gule, a red rose"; but though Mr. Hulme cites "Gulistan, i.e. the country of roses," the word is not Arabic, though it may be Persian. He also seems to stumble in deriving azure "from the Arabic lazur, the lapis lazuli." The Arabic for blue is usually *samawi*, which contains a reference to the sky, but the Arabs also say *azrak*. Lapis lazuli they call *hajar lazward*, not *lazur*; so we are at a loss to know where Mr. Hulme went for his Oriental learning. This, however, is a very small matter, and many are the heralds who have made the same assertion before him.

Mr. Hulme tells a good story of the late Sir John Crampton, our Minister at Washington, who sent his carriage to be repaired. When he went to see how the work had been done he was surprised to see several other carriages decorated with his arms. The coachmaker explained "When your carriage was here some of our citizens saw it, and liked the pattern on it, and reckoned they would have it painted on theirs as well." This is as good as the newly-rich merchant who wrote to a stationer for his crest. He was sent a choice of two crests, and liked them both so well that he put one on his carriage and the other on his notepaper.

In his chapter on mottoes Mr. Hulme misquotes Shakespeare. He says that an Act was passed in the reign of Henry VII.

* *Heraldry*. By F. Edward Hulme. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

forbidding the use of war cries, "so that all were required henceforth to call only upon St. George." To this statement there is a footnote:—

Then strike up drums;
God and St. George for us!
Henry VII. Part III. Act ii.

But in a play called *Henry VI. Part III. Act ii.* we find a single line thus:—

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and St. George for us.

Moral—verify quotations. Mr. Hulme seems inclined to make the Prince of Wales's motto Welsh, not German:—"Eich Deen, here's the man, the words said to have been used by Edward I. when he presented his first-born, the promised Prince who could speak no word of English, to the Welsh nobles at Caernarvon." We are reminded, also, of the "*Cassidius tutissima virtus*" of the Cholmondeleys, in allusion to the helmets in their arms; but Mr. Hulme omits the *Quarta salutis* of the very similar coat of Halliday, and the *Quarta colorum* of Gates, or Yates. We should like to see in such a book as this a list of English shields which date before, say, 1150. They might, in part, be culled from the pages of Mr. Doyle, and there cannot be very many of them. Great simplicity is the rule in them, but is not without its exceptions. The Marshalls had not only three colours to their arms, but their lion is double-tailed. Bohun had a very complicated shield of bends and lions, yet it appears to belong to the twelfth century. But, as a rule, these early bearings are remarkable for few charges, and seldom more than two colours, and are models the modern herald should have constantly before him. There is a very full and complete account of the lilies of France, sometimes believed to have been originally frogs or toads, whence the nickname "Johnny Crapaud." There is also an interesting disquisition on the anomalous shield assigned to Jerusalem—namely, *argent, five crosslets, or*; "the most strange and unaccustomed coat of arms that ever was borne," as an old writer terms it. Taken altogether, this little volume, though somewhat roughly illustrated, is very amusing to read, and exceedingly unlike the dry treatises on heraldry to which we have too long been used.

JOHN LEECH.*

MR. G. E. LAYARD, who, we understand, is at present engaged upon a Life of Charles Keene, has an opportunity which he will do well not to neglect. He may now easily write the best biography in this kind which has yet appeared. Up to the present English humorous art has certainly not been fortunate in its chroniclers. The bulky quartos on Gillray and Rowlandson, although meritorious enough in regard to the accumulation of material, are rather undigested commentaries than critical studies; the Life of Cruikshank is a series of quotations with connecting links written in; the Life of Caldecott is thin and sketchy. But the acme of biographical ineptitude is certainly attained by the pair of volumes which Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., has consecrated to John Leech. Mr. Frith was Leech's contemporary and friend; he is an artist writing of an artist who belongs to his own epoch; and he has, moreover, proved his capacity as an author by his amusing Memoirs. It is true that upon the present occasion he has had difficulties. He has been unable to persuade the proprietors of *Punch* to let him use Leech's work freely; he has been met with refusals in regard to the sporting novels of Mr. Surtees; and he has consequently been obliged to fall back upon the artist's earlier and sometimes least representative work, such as the etchings to Albert Smith's *Marchioness of Brinville*, designs which were neither particularly characteristic of Leech's style, nor suited to the peculiarly insular cast of his talent. But these are minor matters compared with the dislocated and invertebrate character of the book itself. It is intolerable to give us thirty pages mainly made up of continuous quotation from such a well-known poem as Hood's *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*, and there are half-a-dozen similar cases. In one place a page and a half is actually taken up by an explanation on the part of Mr. Ashby Sterry to the effect that he did not know Leech, and did not write what we are bound to confess is a very pretty sonnet to any member of Leech's family. This is followed by three pages of quotation from Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, including the whole of his imitation of *Hiwatha*, although Mr. Frith is not able to give a copy of the admirable illustration by Leech which formed its chief attraction. In short, Mr. Frith's book is a palpable piece of bookmaking. What is more vexatious is, that it adds really nothing to our better knowledge of Leech himself. Mr. Kitton's unpretentious little memoir, and the admirable papers of Thackeray and Dr. John Brown, have apparently already done all that can be done in this direction. Mr. Frith has certainly printed a few interesting letters, and he has certainly increased the stock of Leechiana by some new anecdotes of varied value. His pages have also the inestimable advantage of a good many of Leech's designs. But he has not written what is in any sense a workmanlike or an artistic study of Leech; and the only appreciable effect of his exertions will be in all probability to adjourn sine

* *John Leech: his Life and Work.* By William Powell Frith, R.A. With Portrait and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1891.

die the preparation of any more serious and more symmetrical tribute to the memory of one of the heartiest, kindest, and most English of English artists—a result which is frankly to be deplored.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

IT does not very often happen that an author, consciously or unconsciously, puts forth at the same time examples of theory and practice in a given art. The act in Mr. Churton Collins's case was probably unconscious, for the two books before us have different publishers, and those who are behind the scenes in bookmaking know that, to indulge in a pardonable bull, it is very difficult to bring out even one book with one publisher at the same time, let alone two with two. As it happens, however, the *Illustrations of Tennyson* illustrate also Mr. Collins's views on the study of literature not the less forcibly because they do it, in greater or less part, accidentally.

With the main and ostensible principles of these views we are in very hearty agreement. That the abandonment of the study of the classics at the two Universities would be one of the greatest of national misfortunes; that it is almost, if not quite, impossible to study English, or any other modern, literature without the assistance and the training afforded by classical education; that neither English nor any other modern literature will, by itself, suffice as an alternative for such education; that it is at the same time an absurdity that, with the University curriculum widening every day, no place for English literature should be found in it; and that no literature, ancient or modern, can be satisfactorily studied from the philological side alone—these are propositions which we at least should no more think of disputing than we should think of disputing the multiplication table. To one of them, indeed, we might make the exception that, though it is quite absurd that English literature should be left out when so much is let in, we should be much better pleased if for ante-graduate study nothing were left in at all but classics, in the wide sense, and mathematics. And to many of Mr. Collins's lemmas and corollaries and riders we should, in proper time and place, have many things to say. But his main ostensible propositions are incontrovertible. We only wonder at the passion, the airs of an *Athanasius contra mundum*, and the eagerness to get his bills backed by Dick, Tom, and Harry that he exhibits. One almost suspects some personal interest in the passionate quiver with which he holds up to public scorn the wretched six Examiners, each receiving twenty pounds (fancy that!) from the University chest for their services to the institution of a certain Tripos at Cambridge. Harpagon, with his *vingt pistoles*, is not more divertingly pathetic than Mr. Collins with his Twenty Pounds.

These little eccentricities, however, and others, have very little to do with the matter. The funny thing is that, for all Mr. Collins's tables and his diagrams, his testimonials to character from my Lord This and Mr. That, we cannot for the life of us discern that what he desires is anything but what does in a manner exist in a form sometimes better, never much worse, than his own. We have no knowledge on the question whether Mr. Collins has examined much, though it is public fact that he has taught, especially by lecturing, a good deal. This is exactly what we should expect from the specimens of questions that he gives. Here is one:—

Describe the character of those historical epochs which appear to be peculiarly propitious to poetical activity.

Now there is nothing new in this. Most examiners in literature have set, if not the very thing, hundreds of questions like it. And we think they will agree with us in telling Mr. Collins, from experience, that there is no kind of question so unsatisfactory or so delusive as regards answers. It is a capital subject to lecture on. A University Extension lecturer (we mean no disrespect of any kind to Mr. Collins) can talk very pleasantly about it for an hour, or with due illustrations and amplifications for a course. We would undertake ourselves to lecture from now to the day of judgment on it; and no doubt Mr. Collins could do so too. And if anybody following our, or Mr. Collins's, lectures were kind enough to set questions accordingly, a certain number of the cleverer hearers would no doubt reproduce a good deal of what we or he had said in very decent "piffle," as they used to say in Mr. Collins's University. But whether they would be any the better for it, whether it would not be not less sheer and much less invigorating "cram" than the cram of Christian names and dates and titles of works which Mr. Collins holds in holy horror, that is another story.

We are, indeed, left after careful reading of Mr. Collins's little book, which is a sort of decoction of articles, most of which made some noise in their day, without any clear idea of how he purposes to revolutionize the present teaching of English, so as to fit it for University study. But in his own illustrations of Tennyson, we may fairly take for granted that we have at least a sample, not necessarily of what he thinks all study, but of what he thinks some study, of English ought to be. This book, like the other, is a

* *The Study of English Literature.* By J. Churton Collins. London: Macmillan & Co.

Illustrations of Tennyson. By J. Churton Collins. London: Chatto & Windus.

reproduction, though not a mere reprint, of magazine articles which in this case appeared in the *Cornhill* a good many years ago, and caused, if we remember rightly, a pleasant *quiproquo* by their signature, "J. C. C." Mr. Collins has wrought them up to date, by following the Laureate's later work, and the book is a very interesting example of critical exertion of a certain kind. Mr. Collins speaks modestly of his attempt more than once, though in his peroration he has indemnified himself by the sweeping remark that it requires "very little critical discernment to foresee that among the English poets of the present century the first place will ultimately be assigned to Wordsworth, the second to Byron, and the third to Shelley." It does require very little, and any one who has a little more will certainly not make that assignment. But we doubt whether Mr. Collins meant it in this way, and from this specimen of his attempts in the higher criticism we think he was wise to stick to his parallel passages. In these he shows well. In French, indeed, we suspect him to be not deep; he makes in his other book the singularly unlucky suggestion that the "humaner" study of French literature should begin with "the latest text of the *Chanson de Roland*." The latest text of the *Chanson de Roland*, Mr. Collins may like to know, dates from the fourteenth century, and he would, therefore, forbid us to study not only the one really important form of that *Chanson* itself, not only all the others, the *fabliaux*, the Arthurian romances, and so forth, but Villehardouin, Joinville, the *Roman de la Rose*, and all the great literature of the thirteenth century. Of German he also says little. But in Greek, Latin, and Italian he has reading which we have great pleasure in pronouncing to be unusually wide, accurate, and ready. With what precise *animus* he has applied the fruits of this reading to the Laureate we do not quite know. He avows respect and disclaims any charge of plagiarism. But, independently of a quite unnecessary observation that Lord Tennyson is infinitely the inferior of Virgil (as to which we shall only observe that a critic can give no opinion upon what he does not know, and that, while Lord Tennyson is master of every chord of the lyre, we have no evidence that Virgil could manage any measure but the single hexameter), he indulges from time to time in odd escapades, and flings about "strained artificiality" and the like. Still, on the whole, we are bound to take this sheaf of parallel passages as Mr. Collins offers it.

We have said that the reading of it must attract a compliment to Mr. Collins's erudition. Whether the compliment will extend to his judgment we are not so sure. It is the curse of the parallel passage appetite, almost more than of any other, that not only does it grow by what it feeds on, but it loses by feeding the faculty of taste. Mr. Collins has, indeed, hit upon some curious finds, besides the well-known passages obnoxious to any respectable reading, which show that the Laureate is a learned poet and one who can make incomparable use of his learning. For instance, it is at first sight rather improbable that he should have read Claudian, and still more that he should condescend to borrow from that decadent, even though Claudian be no contemptible poet. Yet the connexion of the *cognita cantities* of Stilicho and the "good gray head which all men knew" of the Duke, can hardly be accident. In a very large number of instances, however, the parallels are—we are afraid we must say—childish. Immediately below we find that "apple-cheeked" is from Theocritus. Does Mr. Collins really think that there never were apples, or things called girls, or persons capable of observing that the cheeks of the two are alike, except in Sicily or Alexandria? The fact is that this inquiry *de minimis* is quite as alien from the true spirit of literature as the philology which Mr. Collins scorns. Not only does it lead in the long run to many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as Shaconism (of which it is indeed the pillar, as may be seen in the great Mrs. Pott), but its very initiative and origin is in what Johnson might have called "pravity and periculation." He who takes it makes it, was a very bad motto in Glossin's case; it is a good title to possession in letters. No doubt the remembrance and comparison of similarity of expression is one of the pleasures of the scholar. It is like finding the card of a friend in a cairn by the wayside or his signature in a visitors' book. Both authors and the reader are brought into a silent companionship which has not merely pleasure but charm. But this hunting down indebtedness, this anxious comparison of titles, is a peddling and illiberal thing, a sport for literary bum-bailiffs, not for scholars. We are, we confess, honestly surprised that a man of such culture and such evident love for letters as Mr. Collins can condescend to it; and had he himself not published it, we would not have heard his enemy say that this is a sample of the study of letters which he would inculcate.

STORIES AFTER NATURE.*

THE extreme rarity of the sole original edition of *Stories after Nature*, a little volume published anonymously in 1822, may be taken as an excuse for its reproduction in a limited form, although we cannot think that the public was craving for such a reprint. It was the first publication of that strange being, Charles Wells, who was then just of age, and who was to issue two years later that drama of *Joseph and his Brethren* which was to render

him the very type of the illustrious obscure for the next half-century. In a preface Mr. W. J. Linton, who is a survivor of the generation that knew Wells, adds very little to our acquaintance with him. Mr. Linton, indeed, though one of his fervid admirers, seems to have cast eyes upon him only once. He neglects to inform us when this interview took place; but, as Mr. Linton's correspondence with Wells about the reprinting of these *Stories after Nature* belongs to the year 1845, the interview probably is of the same date. He describes the mysterious creator of Phraxanor as "a small, weather-worn, wiry man, looking like a sportsman or foxhunter." This is all that Mr. Linton seems able to supply, and Wells remains almost as dark to us as ever. But by collecting what was said about him in the various literary papers, and in communications from his friends, when he died in 1879, a good part of this traditional cloud might be lifted.

When we turn to the *Stories after Nature* which have tottered on the edge of extinction for nearly seventy years, we cannot say that their loss would have been a positive calamity. In a florid page, which Mr. Linton quotes, Mr. Swinburne has said pretty much all that can be said for or against them. He notes the "weakness" of these "first flutterings and twitterings," and weak, indeed, they are; but he also calls attention to their nobility of feeling and delicacy of style. They are moral tales, such as a youth might write who had grafted Beaumont and Fletcher on to Marmontel, and looked at Boccaccio through the eyes of Leigh Hunt. Many of them give an impression of being scenarios of poetical tragedies, and this idea is confirmed by the fact that the speeches are often in concealed blank verse. These are the words, printed like prose, in which Christian addresses Frederick as he stabs him:—

O fool! how worse than mad! What hast thou lost?
Where are the shouts up from a thousand hearts
Made [resolute] by shaking the dead leaves
From over-blown oppression? Where is the echo that
High heaven would send in answer to that peal?
Where is thy banner in the victory?
Thine oath, thine honour, and thy name in heaven?
Where is thine hatred to a tyrant king?
All turned to love, nay, worse, to callous nothing.
Thyself remembering, but all else forgot
That makes thee worth remembrance. I forget thee not.
Poor worm, dost struggle? This is for the cause
Of liberty! This—for the nobler Gustavus!
Myself and heaven come last! So now my sword
Hath supped, it shall to bed. Thou bloody picture,
Amen to thee!—henceforth I do forget thee!

This is like the end of a fifth act of Glapthorne or Nabbes; it is not in the least like the prose of a nineteenth-century story-writer. There are graceful passages of studied sentiment in *Stories after Nature*, but the book seems to us to have no importance.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—VOL. II.*

MORE than five years have passed since the publication of the first volume of Mr. Stephens's *History of the French Revolution*, and we had begun to fear that a book which, in spite of some defects, showed much promise, had come to an untimely end. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we welcome the appearance of this volume, in which, as compared with its predecessor, we mark a distinct advance in more than one direction. Mr. Stephens's sentences, though still lacking in grace and animation, appear to have been written with more ease and are certainly easier reading. Nor, though something is still to be desired on this score, does he here give us the impression of having constantly been overweighed by his facts. The industry he exhibits deserves all possible praise. He begins here with the meeting of the Legislative Assembly in October 1791, and carries the continuous narrative down to the close of 1793, when the Reign of Terror was in full progress, and France was at war with the larger part of Europe. No pains have been spared to make the treatment of this period as complete and thorough as possible. Every phase of the revolutionary movement is amply illustrated; the influence of the Clubs, of the political Salons, so long as there were any ladies left who held them, and of the women of lower social rank who came more or less to the front after the fall of the Girondins, the characteristics of the leading journals, the fashions in dress and manners affected by the Republicans, the restaurants and cafés that they frequented, and even the dinners they ate—all these, and other like matters, are recorded here, along with the history of constitutional changes, riots, massacres, and wars. The thoroughness of Mr. Stephens's work renders his book interesting. As the reader goes on from chapter to chapter, he feels that he is gradually attaining a complete view of the two eventful years of French history that are here brought before him. As far as comprehensiveness, and indeed proportion, are concerned, the picture is admirable. Unfortunately it lacks life and colour; nothing in it is bright, or strong, or moving. Mr. Stephens writes without imagination, and consequently almost invariably without evidence of feeling. He seems unable to rise above his ordinary level; he is always the same—always careful, conscientious, and laborious—and here we must stop. Once—and, we think, only once—in a sentence on the execution of the Queen, does he write

* *Stories after Nature*. By Charles Wells. With a Preface by W. J. Linton. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1891.

* *A History of the French Revolution*. By H. Morse Stephens. Balliol College, Oxford. Vol. II. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

with any apparent emotion. He still interrupts and burdens his narrative with a multitude of biographical details, and in one passage defends his method by pointing out that it is impossible to understand the progress of the Revolution without a knowledge of the lives of the principal actors in it. This is perfectly true; but it is not less true that the requisite knowledge might have been conveyed more pleasantly by different means from those adopted here, without recourse to strings of short biographies, bristling with facts and dates, and better suited to the pages of a biographical dictionary than to a narrative history. All that an historian has to do in this line is to enable his readers to form a clear and accurate conception of the men who took leading parts in affairs, and the method that he pursues in performing this duty is one of the decisive tests of the possession of the faculty of historical composition. We do not, however, wish to undervalue what Mr. Stephens has done; for, though we think his method faulty and cumbersome, he has certainly accomplished his purpose, and if the reader fails to gain a sufficient knowledge of the lives, and of the author's opinion of the characters, of the leading men of the time, the cause of his failure will certainly lie with himself, and not with the historian.

In his survey of the elements contained in the Legislative Assembly Mr. Stephens remarks that, though at first all the deputies of the Left appeared to hold the same opinions, it was not long before a distinct difference could be observed between the violent Jacobins and the deputies who "afterwards formed the nucleus of the Girondin party," between the men of practical aims and the men of words and visionary ideals. The two sections were sharply divided by the proposal, urged by Brissot and the other Girondin orators, to declare war against Austria. The war would be an excellent means of punishing the King for having vetoed the decree against the *émigrés*; it would, the Girondins thought, lead to the destruction of royalty and the establishment of a republic; and would, they hoped, give them a complete ascendancy over the Assembly. In spite of the strenuous opposition of the extreme Jacobins they carried their point, gained immediate power and popularity, and embarked on a policy that ended in their destruction. Why the King, on the dismissal of Narbonne, chose Girondin Ministers is a problem not easy to solve; it is suggested here that he may have hoped to sober the leaders of the party by giving them responsibility. It was a mistaken step; for, as Mr. Stephens observes, it put an end to the slight hope that existed that the King might be able "to rally warlike France round himself." The dismissal of the Girondin Ministry, and the King's vetoes on the measures for the persecution of the priests and the establishment of a camp of *fédérés* outside Paris, were answered by the riot of June 20th, which was contrived by men at that time of small political importance, acting in direct opposition to the wishes of the Jacobin leaders. The success of this riot seems to have assured Danton of the strength of his party, and he and his associates planned another "great day in Paris" for the overthrow of royalty, believing that, when this disturbing force was removed, divisions would cease, and the nation would be able to put forth its whole strength against its enemies on the frontier. While the Girondins hesitated, the Jacobins acted; the *fédérés* were won over, twenty-eight of the sections of Paris were ready to act according to the orders of the Jacobin leaders, and the arrival of the Marseillais added greatly to their strength. The insurrection of August 10th was arranged without any attempt at concealment, and by one o'clock in the morning Danton and Camille Desmoulins had all things in train and went home to bed, leaving the rough work to be done by others, which was, Mr. Stephens thinks, the right course for them to pursue; it certainly was the most convenient as far as they were concerned. The capture of the Tuileries invested the Commune with supreme power, and made Robespierre its real leader. In his account of the massacres of September Mr. Stephens declines to dwell "on the description of the agonies of death," and accordingly omits to notice the horrors that attended the murder of Mme. de Lamballe, who might, for anything that is said here, be supposed to have been slain in some more or less civilized fashion. Yet it is only by giving some details of the massacres that an historian can adequately set forth the damnable iniquity of "the great Revolutionary leaders." For it is on them that the darkest stain of guilt must be held to rest. We are told here that, while there is no apology for the actual murderers, "there is an apology" for Danton and the rest. From this we strongly dissent; for though it is possible to give a reason for their conduct other than, or rather besides, fiendish malignity or callousness, we hold that no defence is to be made for the men who might by a word have stopped the massacres and did not stop them. The execution of the King is told in a few meagre sentences without any mention of the famous words attributed to the Abbé Edgeworth. If Mr. Stephens believes that they were not spoken he should have said so. Nor do the crime and fate of Charlotte Corday rouse him to any vigour of expression, beyond the statement that she was "guilty of a most cold-blooded murder." Indisputably true as this comment is, it can scarcely be called adequate to the occasion.

Some excellent criticism will be found here on the character and policy of Dumouriez. Bent on his own aggrandizement, he looked on the Revolution merely as an opportunity for gaining power. His ambition was to be a great foreign minister, and though he was not without a large share of political ability, he failed to recognize the strength of the revolutionary sentiment,

and accordingly committed the fatal mistake of neglecting home affairs. The defeat of his great plan for a war with Austria, and with Austria only, was due to causes which he had failed to foresee, to the aggressive and proselytizing spirit of the politicians of Paris. His ability as a general is well illustrated by his conduct of the campaign of Valmy, and specially by his falling back on the position of the Argonne instead of attempting to hold the line of the Meuse; but he was not one of those generals who inspire armies with a military spirit, and he certainly did not make a good use of the winter that followed the victory of Jemmappes. The result of this neglect was his defeat at Neerwinden. His defeat led, as Mr. Stephens points out, to the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal, his desertion to the establishment of the Committee of Public Safety. A chapter devoted to the lives of the twelve members of the Committee is followed by a careful examination of the working of the system of government by the Terror both in Paris and in the provinces. After observing that the Terror was the only remedy that the Committee could "find for France when torn by internal divisions and harassed by foreign war," Mr. Stephens gives a full description of the means by which it was carried out, of life in Paris during its reign, of the missions of members of the Committee to the cities and districts which had opposed its government, to Lyons, Toulon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Arras, and elsewhere, and of the Terror in other parts of France. In tracing the interesting and obscure history of the army and navy of the Republic, he contrasts the disorganization wrought in both services by the foolish measures of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies with the discipline and order that were enforced by the Committee of Public Safety. To Dubois-Crancé and Carnot France chiefly owed the military organization which in so many campaigns enabled her patriotic armies to reap the full reward of their valour; and, though the restitution of discipline in the navy effected by Saint-André was not followed by success in war with the fleets of Great Britain, the failure of the French is, so far as they are concerned, to be attributed mainly to the inexperience of their naval officers, and not, as in the spring and summer of 1793, to insubordination on the part of their seamen. The officers of the Royal navy had for the most part left the service; many of them had become *émigrés*, and others had resigned their commissions in disgust at the encouragements to insubordination afforded by the folly of the Legislature. Saint-André was therefore forced to give high commands to officers of small experience, and, on removing the flag officers of the fleet of 1793, promoted two sub-lieutenants and an old merchant-captain to the rank of rear-admiral. The volume ends with a survey of the effects of the Revolution on the colonies of France, and with a short account of the fortunes of the *émigrés*, which deals first with the history of the military and clerical *émigrés*, and then describes how the refugees generally were received, and how they lived, in various countries. Mr. Stephens's Appendix contains some useful lists of French Ministers from 1791 until the abolition of Ministries in April 1794, of the Presidents of the Legislature, of the names of the most distinguished victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal, together with the number of those executed in each month from April 1793 to June 1794, one list hitherto unprinted of the deputies sent on mission at the beginning of 1794, and some valuable notes on the Girondin Constitution and other matters.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"LA critique, ah Dieu! que j'en suis las!" cries M. Lemaître in the first essay of the last volume of his critical studies (1). It is painfully obvious, but quite unavoidable, to ask him, with the greatest politeness, *Pourquoi diable* he continues to give himself this weariness? In truth, we can easily understand how a clever man, as M. Lemaître undoubtedly is, must weary of his own fashion of criticizing, which, though every hair of our causerie-writers and inhabitants of bookrooms, and gossipers on books, and the rest, should raise each particular hat on their most respectable heads, is very rarely criticism at all, but simply a "few words" delivered with an agreeable rattle and with a great deal of personal detail. We are not allowed to hear that M. Lemaître considers *Fort comme la mort* (a quarter-fiasco, as the wine-lists say) "merveilleux" without being posted up for two mortal pages in the exact history of M. Lemaître's meetings with the writer. Elsewhere M. Lemaître will inform us—unhappily, he cannot throw in the personal note here—that Mr. Stanley, though an explorer of merit, is a sadly journalistic writer—a proposition to which we are sure when it was made the ghost of M. de la Palisse *dextram sternuit approbationem*. Elsewhere again we find a warm and generous defence of M. Renan from the popular opinion of him, which forgets the simple but unfortunate fact that this opinion is merely founded on M. Renan's own written words and accounts of himself. Away from books and bookmen M. Lemaître is indeed better. On the *danse du ventre*, on the Annamite Theatre, and in many of his *billets du matin* on theatrical matters, he is astute as well as lively, learned as well as pleasant. But as for literary criticism proper, we can only echo his own words, "La critique de M. Jules Lemaître! Ah Dieu, que nous en sommes las depuis longtemps!"

(1) *Les contemporains*. Par Jules Lemaître. Cinquième série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

The second volume of M. Philippson's learned and impartial history of Mary Queen of Scots (2) has followed the first at no very long interval. It covers the time from the arrival of Mary in Scotland to her marriage with Darnley, and thus has not even yet reached the most disputed and disputable periods. But it is a constant habit of mankind to attend to such disputed and disputable periods, without giving sufficient attention to those which precede and explain them; and one cannot but be grateful to M. Philippson for pursuing a different course. He is not an exciting historian. He has entirely omitted the twenty thousand additional lamps which serve as advertisement to so many an historical Vauxhall. But he is perfectly clear. He has examined all the authorities, both early and late, and he seems to us to be not only incapable of suppressing or falsifying a fact, but very unlikely even to argue it out of the way when it is inconvenient. If he refuses to take the rather paradoxical view of Lethington which has commended itself to Mr. Skelton, he is more just, if less favourable, to that singular person; and though he evidently does not like Knox, he is not in the least unfair to him. On "Lord James" he bears very hard, but not, we think, in the least too hard, for that able but morally detestable person's merits or demerits. He does not spare the Scotch nobility of the time generally, but we are not acquainted with any one who knows the facts and does. Lastly, we have detected but very few slips in the names of persons and places—a very rare distinction for a French history book.

We can only briefly notice here—but shall hope to return to—Savvas Pasha's very interesting study on Mussulman law (3).

Frau von Cramm's extracts from Mme. de Créquy's *souvenirs* (4) appear without preface, introduction, note, or comment, which makes the task of criticizing the book rather difficult. No doubt there are many interesting things to be found in these souvenirs, and they are here represented in agreeable, but not extravagantly luxurious, form. Extracts of memoirs, however, without some editorial apparatus, are rather awkward things as a rule, and we do not know that this volume is an exception.

As that part of M. Kufferath's (5) *Le théâtre de Richard Wagner*, which concerns *Lohengrin* has already reached a third edition, it clearly must have pleased somebody, indeed many bodies. It is an enthusiastic piece of writing, partly a summary of the libretto, partly a musical criticism on the piece. It appears to be written for persons not too well instructed, to judge from two long notes, telling the stories of *Psyche* and *Semele*. But then there are so many persons not well instructed in these days of education.

Professor Lodge's (6) book about Corneille is not French literature, but it is about French literature. Most of it is abstract of the better known plays; the rest is the tallest talk we have ever read. It begins "It is winter. Every flower has dropped its iris-tinted petals," and so on for twenty lines, ending "Deathful frosts of barbarism had long since nipped the efflorescence of classic genius." Similar melodious bursts fill the book at intervals.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR beginners in Browning, and persons who cannot read poetry without the assistance of Mr. Interpreter—a hard pilgrim's progress is their sorrowful lot—*A Primer on Browning*, by F. Mary Wilson (Macmillan & Co.), should prove a useful guide. Poem by poem, from *Pauline to Acolando*, the author explains, compares, analyses, the whole writings of the poet, supplying dates and references throughout. Her commentary is condensed and to the point, her exposition excellently clear. Primers and poetry make an ungenial conjunction, it is true, but Browning requires this exceptional treatment. His readers are, and always will be, largely recruited from the ranks of the unpoetic and the anti-poetic; people for whom the reading of poetry is something of an intellectual effort that requires the aid of commentators and concordance.

The Gentlewoman's Book of Hygiene, by Kate Mitchell (Henry & Co.), a well-printed and prettily bound volume of the "Victoria Library," deals in a practical spirit with the principles that govern the preservation of health and the prevention of disorder and disease. Mrs. Mitchell's advice on the important subjects of clothing, exercise, diet, and the treatment of common ailments, is chiefly addressed to women, from childhood to maturity, and is characterized by thoroughness of treatment and admirable good sense. The chapter on physical education is excellent.

Tennyson for the Young, edited by Alfred Ainger (Macmillan & Co.), is a capital selection from the Poet-Laureate's works, and is inspired by the most laudable of all possible aims. Mr. Ainger hopes that it will prove "utterly impossible" to make out of this little book "material for an examination-paper." So may it be. The book might have been larger; but we are sure there is not one poem in it that is not appropriate.

(2) *Histoire du règne de Marie Stuart*. Par Martin Philippson. Tome deuxième. Paris: Bouillon.

(3) *Etude sur la théorie du droit musulman*. Par Savvas Pacha. Paris: Marchal et Billard.

(4) *La Marquise de Créquy: extraits de ses souvenirs*. Par la Baronne Edith de Cramm. Erlangen and Leipzig: Böhme.

(5) *Lohengrin*. Par Maurice Kufferath. Paris: Fischbacher.

(6) *A Study in Corneille*. By L. D. Lodge. Baltimore: Murphy.

The Little Marine, by Florence Marryat (Hutchinson & Co.), is a book for boys that deals with the adventures of a very juvenile bugler of the Royal Marines during the Japanese war of Simono-seki, the operations of which, military and naval, are based upon the record of an officer acting through the campaign. The story is interesting and brightly written.

Mistaken identity and marvellous mesmerism form the staple of Mr. Lloyd Bryce's *Romance of an Alter Ego* (Routledge & Sons). This is a wild, though perhaps not altogether an improbable, story. Indeed, the author is at some pains to collect from newspapers evidence in support of the more surprising incidents set forth in what he calls his "fantastic and lurid adventures."

Mr. J. N. Maskelyne's brochure, *The Magnetic Lady*, or "A Human Magnet de-magnetised" (Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin & Co.), issued as an additional chapter to *The Supernatural?* by Dr. Weatherby and Mr. Maskelyne, deals with the so-called magnetic phenomena of Miss Abbott, and shows by diagrams and explicit exposition "how it is done." Nothing, Mr. Maskelyne declares, would have induced him to explain the wonder-raising exploits of the "Magnetic Lady" if they had been put before the public as tricks, pure and simple. It is the claim to occult powers acquired by the performer at birth that has led him to demonstrate that there is nothing abnormal in the exhibition. "A few elaborated schoolboy tricks of the utmost simplicity" is Mr. Maskelyne's summary of the show. His incisive pamphlet must prove severely disenchanting to many, not excluding certain of the elect, or scientific, among the community.

The new volume of *The Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.) is, as usual, attractive both as to illustrations and letterpress. Among the articles of general interest that may be noted are those on the "Progress of the Industrial Arts," the biographical sketches of artists of the day, and those descriptive of artists in their studios. The process illustrations in the text are for the most part excellent, while the etchings are somewhat more unequal in quality than the photogravures. Of the former, Percy Robertson's "Guildford," Wilfred Ball's "Venice," and James Dobie's "Dog in the Manger," after Walter Hunt, are good examples; and among the photogravures Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Battledore and Shuttlecock," and "La Promessa Sposa," by H. N. Woods, A.R.A., are satisfactory plates.

Vanity Fair Album for 1891 comprises a capital collection of character-portraits, headed by a representative group of portraits of judges and counsel, entitled "Bench and Bar," which comprise some excellent portraiture.

In Cairo, by W. Morton Fullarton (Macmillan & Co.), is a record of impressions of Egypt by a visitor who might easily have made a stout book—as is the way with the general—of his sojourning on the Nile, but has preferred the more excellent way of brevity and vivacity. Mr. Fullarton's little book will interest all who voyage to Cairo. It is made up of pertinent and lively notes, such as must cheer the traveller on the road, and is altogether as pleasing as it is unpretentious.

Nature and Man in America, by N. S. Shaler (Smith, Elder, & Co.), treats of the influence of environment on organic life, the conditions of man in America, and other abstruse matters, and is, in part, a reprint of contributions to *Scribner's Magazine*.

Among recent additions to the "Dilettante Library" of Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. we have Mr. Oscar Browning's *Goethe and Dante*, both volumes being revised reprints of the author's articles on these poets in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. *Lectures on Ibsen*, by Philip H. Wicksteed, in the same series, may possibly realize the author's aim, and "help towards the formation of a larger and calmer judgment" of Ibsen than is now common; for Mr. Wicksteed's advocacy is not without the uncommon quality of rational enthusiasm.

Baxter's Second Innings (Hodder & Stoughton) is suggestive of the plain evangelical tract, with its moral exhortation and illustration, tricked out with a profusion of highly-strained metaphor that may attract the schoolboy cricketer who likes not medicine that is unsugared. The intention is excellent, no doubt, though we cannot but think the simple, plain, and Puritan style more efficacious than the allusive and tropical method.

Mr. J. H. Murray's *Companion Dictionary of the English Language* (Routledge) is compact, handy, and in all respects a really good pocket dictionary.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received a new edition of Mr. F. J. Church's translations from Plato, *The Trial and Death of Socrates*, "Golden Treasury" series.

We have also received *The Metallurgy of Argentiferous Lead*, a practical treatise, by M. Eissler (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Economic and other Delusions*, a discussion of the case for Protection, by Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar (Putnam's Sons); *The Natural History of Immortality*, by the Rev. Joseph W. Reynolds (Longmans & Co.); *The Negro Question*, by J. Kennell Maxwell (Fisher Unwin); *Statistics of Glasgow, 1835-1891*, vital, social, and economic, by James Nicol (Glasgow: Maclehose); *History of Medical Education*, translated by Evan H. Hare from the German of Dr. Theodor Paschmann (H. K. Lewis); *The Reform of our Voluntary Medical Charities*, by Robert R. Rentoul, M.P. (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); *Memoirs of Richard Robert Madden, M.D.* (Ward & Downey); *The Trade Policy of Imperial Federation*, by Maurice H. Hervey (Sonnenschein & Co.); *A General View of the Political History of Europe*, translated from the French of Ernest Lavin (Longmans & Co.); *The French Revolution*, by J. E. Symes (Methuen &

Co.); *A Treatise on Wisdom*, by Pierre Charron, paraphrased by Myrtilla H. N. Daly (Putnam's Sons); *Christmas Arrows*, the Christmas Number of *The Quiver* (Cassell); *The Garden Annual and Almanac*, by W. Robinson (*The Garden*); *Barker's Facts and Figures for 1892* (Warne & Co.); and *Sell's World's Press*, or Advertiser's Reference Book and Directory.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The Embassy at Constantinople.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING begs to announce that on Tuesday next, January 5, at 7.45, this Theatre will OPEN with Shakespeare's Play, "THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII." Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IRVING; Queen Catherine, Miss ELLEN TERRV. The Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.—An EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST, ILLUSTRATING FIFTY YEARS OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN. Patron, H.M. THE QUEEN. OPEN DAILY from 10 to 6. NEW GALLERY, Regent Street. LEONARD C. LINDSAY, Sec.

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